

THE  
HISTORY  
*Are of Tilgate*  
Miss INDIANA DANBY.

THE THIRD VOLUME.



D U B L I N :

Printed for J. HOEY, sen. P. WILSON, J. EXSHAW,  
H. SAUNDERS, E. LYNCH, J. POTTS, J.  
HOEY, jun. S. WATSON, and J. WILLIAMS.

M,DCC,LXXII.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HESE Volumes finish the History of INDIANA DANBY ; but the Public will please to observe, that three Months are elapsed since the Date of Mrs. BEVILL's Letter at the End of the Second Volume: and I have not been able to recover any of those which were wrote during that Interval.

THE EDITOR.

# ADVERTISEMENT

THE EDITOR OF THE  
LONDON GAZETTE  
AND  
GENERAL ADVERTISER  
HAS RECEIVED  
FROM THE  
HONORABLE  
THE SECRETARY OF STATE  
A COPY OF THE  
ACT OF PARLIAMENT  
IN THAT BEHALF  
AND IN WITNESS  
WHEREOF  
THE SEAL OF THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
SECRETARY OF STATE  
IS HEREunto  
SET.



THE EDITOR

At  
N  
as  
pa  
of  
tio  
pu

ted  
his  
for  
tha

---

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Miss INDIANA DANBY.

---

LETTER I.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

**W**HAT I am going to intrust my dear Fanny with is a secret, which I have strict injunctions to conceal from our Indiana. Never was there so true, so disinterested a friend as the amiable Manly. He dreads lest he should pain her sympathizing heart by the knowledge of his misfortunes; but his generous precautions will be in vain, the affair will soon be public.

I TOLD you in my last visit, that he had quitted the army, oppressed with melancholy for his disappointed love. He has no longer a relish for the busy scenes of life, but seeks to indulge that melancholy in retirement. From this re-

treat, however, he was unexpectedly summoned by a letter from his elder brother, whom he had for many years believed dead.

IN order to understand the present situation of his affairs, it is necessary to look back to his father's first marriage. I had the following particulars from himself—The late Mr. Manly married, while at college, a young woman unknown to his family. A more perfect knowledge of his bride's character convinced him of his rash imprudence, and left him no hopes of reconciling his friends to the fatal step he had taken. What added to his perplexity, was the proposal of an alliance with a lady of rank and fortune, whom his father had made choice of, and strenuously insisted on his marrying; and to whom, on being introduced, he found it impossible to make the least objection. On the contrary, a more intimate acquaintance inspired him with the most fervent passion. He now thought of nothing, but how to free himself from his first engagement.

Too justly despising the connection he had entered into, he endeavoured to bribe the woman to resign her pretensions, promising to make her fortune. His he convinced her was desperate, if his father should discover his imprudence. Her refusing to agree to his proposal would be the utter ruin of them both. He knew his father's inflexible temper, who might out of resentment disinherit him, and made no doubt that would be the consequence, if informed of the fatal secret.

THOSE arguments were not fruitless. The woman had no particular attachment to him. She had artfully drawn him into a marriage, with hopes of making her fortune, which was before desperate.



desperate. That view would be most securely answered, if she consented to his proposal. For her character she had little regard; and, provided her mercenary schemes succeeded, could, without much regret, give up the honour of being publicly acknowledged his wife.

ONE may easily guess his bridal happiness was not without alloy. Conscious guilt must imbitter its sweets; nor was he without apprehension lest the woman, on whose promise he could have but little dependance, should, notwithstanding her engagement to the contrary, endeavour to assert her right.

HIS fears were strengthened by the exorbitant demands she made on him for money; which, however extravagant, he durst not refuse. For four months he lived in one continual state of anxiety, when, to his infinite joy, death released him from his tormentor.

SHE died in bringing into the world a son, of whom he had but little reason to believe himself the father; nevertheless, he took all imaginable care of his education. In a few weeks after the elder Manly died likewise; and now he determined to reveal the secret, that had so long preyed upon his spirits, to his lady.—This was necessary, as, till the ceremony of their marriage was repeated, she was not lawfully his wife.—Shocked as she was at first, he soon, from the sweetness of her disposition, obtained her forgiveness; and they were again privately married in due form.

BEFORE the year expired, she was delivered of our amiable friend Manly. Great were the rejoicings at the birth of this—as every body believed—son and heir. As they had no other children, their whole study was to accomplish his



mind and person. You will allow, my dear Fanny, never pains were more successfully bestowed—mean time his brother was not neglected. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Manly procured him a commission in a marching regiment, which soon after was ordered abroad. The secret of his birth was carefully concealed from him; but from the care and friendship of Mr. Manly, he, and those who were intrusted with the care of his education, concluded he was his natural son.

FROM the time he left England till Mr. Manly's death, he kept up a regular correspondence with him. This correspondence was no secret to our friend the Colonel, who, like the rest of the world, believed him to be his natural brother, and, in that belief, conceived a friendship for him; but what was his surprise, when on his death-bed Mr. Manly discovered to him the particulars I have related!—From that moment he generously determined to yield him that estate, to which he now found he had no just title.—His parents were both dead; there was nobody to oppose his noble disinterested resolution.—He immediately wrote to him, informed him of his birth, and bid him hasten home to the enjoyment of a fortune, which with pleasure he resigned.

HE now daily expected his return, when he received an account of his death.—He made diligent inquiry into the truth of this report, and received the strongest confirmation.—Thus he became undoubted heir to an estate, which none could so justly merit, and which for several years he has enjoyed—But behold this brother—or some impostor, the latter I am apt to believe, is now come home, indigent in his circumstances, with a large family of children, and claims his birth-right.

THE

THE letter so long since wrote by the Colonel is produced—He has been asked why he did not sooner avail himself of his good fortune?—On which he tells a romantic tale of his having been wounded and left for dead—of his being carried off by some Indians. Lastly, of his being sold for a slave, marrying his master's daughter, who, with great difficulty, effected his deliverance, and restored him to freedom from all chains, but the silken bands of matrimony.—Mrs. Bevill's advice is, that he should consult his lawyer on the affair—But his answer was, “No, my friend, much rather would I be deprived of my right, than run the risk of injuring him; whose large family make the contested fortune so necessary to him; nor, indeed, could he doubt the proofs he gave of his being the person he pretended to be. A very moderate income,” continued he, “will satisfy me. Love has conquered my ambition. Unsuccessful in that—what has the world now in its power to bestow?—Let him take the estate—Ah! how little do I value it!—My Indiana is lost to me—What then in life is left worthy of my least regard?”—Oh! dear! dear!—What strange notions have these *loveyers*? Poor romantic souls!—If he thinks of living upon that, I fear he will find it wofully thin diet; and if he so easily gives up this said fortune, he will have little else to subsist on.—But I am beginning to treat the affair with too much levity—This constitutional foible of mine will still predominate, in spite of the various reasons I have to be grave—Oh! one thought of my Indiana instantly puts each lively folly to flight—She is, alas!—She is still unhappy—I am going to write to the dear creature—Her last informs me she is continually engaged in contro-



mind and person. You will allow, my dear Fanny, never pains were more successfully bestowed—mean time his brother was not neglected. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Manly procured him a commission in a marching regiment, which soon after was ordered abroad. The secret of his birth was carefully concealed from him; but from the care and friendship of Mr. Manly, he, and those who were intrusted with the care of his education, concluded he was his natural son.

FROM the time he left England till Mr. Manly's death, he kept up a regular correspondence with him. This correspondence was no secret to our friend the Colonel, who, like the rest of the world, believed him to be his natural brother, and, in that belief, conceived a friendship for him; but what was his surprise, when on his death-bed Mr. Manly discovered to him the particulars I have related!—From that moment he generously determined to yield him that estate, to which he now found he had no just title.—His parents were both dead; there was nobody to oppose his noble disinterested resolution.—He immediately wrote to him, informed him of his birth, and bid him hasten home to the enjoyment of a fortune, which with pleasure he resigned.

HE now daily expected his return, when he received an account of his death.—He made diligent inquiry into the truth of this report, and received the strongest confirmation.—Thus he became undoubted heir to an estate, which none could so justly merit, and which for several years he has enjoyed—But behold this brother—or some impostor, the latter I am apt to believe, is now come home, indigent in his circumstances, with a large family of children, and claims his birth-right.

THE

THE letter so long since wrote by the Colonel is produced—He has been asked why he did not sooner avail himself of his good fortune?—On which he tells a romantic tale of his having been wounded and left for dead—of his being carried off by some Indians. Lastly, of his being sold for a slave, marrying his master's daughter, who, with great difficulty, effected his deliverance, and restored him to freedom from all chains, but the silken bands of matrimony.—Mrs. Bevill's advice is, that he should consult his lawyer on the affair—But his answer was, “No, my friend, much rather would I be deprived of my right, than run the risk of injuring him; whose large family make the contested fortune so necessary to him; nor, indeed, could he doubt the proofs he gave of his being the person he pretended to be. A very moderate income,” continued he, “will satisfy me. Love has conquered my ambition. Unsuccessful in that—what has the world now in its power to bestow?—Let him take the estate—Ah! how little do I value it!—My Indiana is lost to me—What then in life is left worthy of my least regard?”—Oh! dear! dear!—What strange notions have these *loveyers*? Poor romantic souls!—If he thinks of living upon that, I fear he will find it wofully thin diet; and if he so easily gives up this said fortune, he will have little else to subsist on.—But I am beginning to treat the affair with too much levity—This constitutional foible of mine will still predominate, in spite of the various reasons I have to be grave—Oh! one thought of my Indiana instantly puts each lively sally to flight—She is, alas!—She is still unhappy—I am going to write to the dear creature—Her last informs me she is continually engaged in contro-

verfy with their reverend paſtor, he endeavouring to prove the unlawfulness of raſh vows, ſhe defending one at leaſt—The Marchionefs and Mrs. Beverly ſit ſmiling by, no doubt ſecretly praying for ſucceſs to the honeſt man's arguments.—Would to heaven mine could add to their weight ! I have made Bevill ſelect from his library ſome muſty authors to aſſiſt my natural eloquence ; one of them, which I have juſt dipped into, is in the true Jeſuitical ſtrain ; treats of all poſſible caſes of conſcience, and turns and twists an argument in a manner that would almoſt perſuade one black is white—I'll have another doſe of it ; then, full fraught with ſophiſtry, fall on her pell-mell—Adieu, my ſiſter ! Our poor diſconſolate Colonel is below—I go to ſoothe his mind—I mean, if I can——

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

## LETTER II.

To the same.

THIS unsatiable harpy—vile wretch! after such an example of generosity as the dear Manly has set him—I have not patience to think of the creature.—What will Indiana say, when informed of her amiable friend's misfortunes!—but for her abominable vow, I know how she ought to act; yet if she could now reward his constant unabated passion, his punctilious delicacy would oppose his happiness, and raise fresh obstacles to his felicity; though surely two such noble worthy hearts were formed for each other.—Dear rash girl; what could tempt her, with all her good sense, to flatter herself as she has done?—Alas! we poor female souls were not born for freedom; for to what end do we practise all our arts, and put on all our graces, but to be deprived of it? but then to lose it as Indiana and you have done—intolerable!—I have some consolation—a companion in my bondage, while you, disconsolate solitary damsels, are doomed to spin out the tedious thread of life neglected and forlorn.

YOU know the Mahometan opinion of a single life; should there be any truth in it, you have made a pretty hand of yourself. Increase and multiply is with them the law and gospel—Did this tenet of their religion prevail here, I think I see the distress of our British spinsters, now matrimony is so little in vogue; considering what was at stake, they would certainly be obliged to petition for mercy, the lords of the creation:

“ Ah,



“ Ah, Sir! if you have no regard for my body, have a little compassion on my soul.”—I enjoy in idea the ridiculous scene.

PARDON me, Fanny, this levity is only in my pen. My heart is sad; I feel, severely feel the distress of our friend—the Colonel yesterday took leave of us; he was in better spirits than I expected, considering his reverse of fortune; but love and disappointment have made him a perfect philosopher.—I find his vile brother, tho’ he mentioned him with generous candour, has not abated the least tittle of what he pretends to have a right to demand.—Wretch! what an unfeeling heart must he possess!—the Colonel avoided entering into the particulars of his affairs; but one may easily guess they can be in no very flourishing condition.

BEVILL hinted at his going into the army again; offered his interest if his own was not sufficient; and not only his interest, but whatever money he had occasion for, if he chose to purchase.

HE expressed his gratitude in warm terms; but declined the favour, as he called it.—I looked at him, and sighing, You flattered us with the name of friends, said I; but I find you never really esteemed us such; you will not make us happy; friendships admits not of this false delicacy.—Ah! Colonel, do not let pride usurp the place we wish to possess in your heart.

HE arose, and with emotion pressing my hand between his, My dear, my ever amiable Mrs. Bevill, how have I merited those unjust reproaches? Did I refuse to apply to you when my dearest interest was at stake? Did I not joyfully submit to the obligations you were continually laying me under,

under, when you generously pleaded with the most lovely of her sex in my favour? Am I the less indebted because my charming mediatrix was unsuccessful in my cause? Call me not proud for declining your present offers of service, nor suspect the sincerity of my friendship; of yours and Mr. Bevill's I need no new proof; and while assured of that, wonder not that I so little regard the frowns of fortune. I have still a sufficiency left for the plan of life I have laid down; retirement is my choice, and was so before the change in my affairs made it necessary.

AND will you leave us then? cried I in a doleful accent. Bevill smiled.—Do you know, my dear Manly, said he, if I were not sure you had no heart to bestow, I should be half jealous of my wife's attachment to you? but I console myself that love never did, nor can long subsist without hope. I think you never gave her any.

THE Colonel is an instance that your maxim is not without exception, interrupted I; for has he not long, nay does he not still love without that encouraging flatterer? Do not then be too secure in regard to me. The Colonel joined in our raillery with his usual wit; but I saw in the midst of his affected pleasantry his heart was sad, and frequent involuntary sighs escaped him. He staid with us more than an hour. When the chaise which he had ordered to carry him to — appeared, he arose, and taking my hand, Have you any commands to your angel friend? said he, in a faltering accent. I am going to bid her a last adieu; and then—he could not proceed. I burst into tears—he abruptly left the room.

AH!

AH! Fanny, my dear Fanny! why was a man like this born to such misfortunes!—Indiana and him, had I no other proofs, would be sufficient to convince me of a future state of rewards and punishments; for surely virtue will at length meet its just reward—here's gravity for you—now are you delighted—'tis quite in the nunnish stile; but I am just going to drop it.—No, pray don't, you cry.—Pardon me, my dear, however delectable sermonizing may be to you, it would cost me no small pains to proceed. Should I attempt to go on in the melancholy strain, you would soon be convinced I was forced, as it were, in spite of nature and my stars, to write.

So adieu!

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-



## LETTER III.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WITH added years, since life gives nothing new ;  
But like a sieve lets ev'ry pleasure through :

—Why am I complimented with wishes which I so little desire to be effectual? This is my birth-day, and those lines naturally occurred to me.—Ah! my friend, who can more justly apply them to their own case than your Indiana? But 'tis too much to be always in the plaintive strain. I shall weary out your patience—and why am I so?—Do I not enjoy a thousand blessings? Was not the single life my choice on mature deliberation? Yes, my Clara, and still remains so; but then the constant sadness of my amiable parent affects me. She believes me unhappy. I cannot persuade her to the contrary.—'Tis true, disappointments have damped the cheerfulness of my temper. But I am tranquil and composed.—What more ought we to expect in this state of imperfection? Could I but see this dear mother more reconciled to my fate; were my loved Mrs. Beverly less affected with the conduct of her still wild and imprudent son, my utmost wish would be gratified. Your account of lady Caroline gives me great uneasiness—Poor thoughtless creature! is it thus she hopes to regain her husband's affections? But, by what you tell me, that is the least of her study. Is it possible she should be happy, living as she does? No; in spite of her continual round of dissipation, a melancholy thought must now and then intervene. She once loved

loved the roving Beverly.—Why do I sigh at the mention of love?—But this place, formerly a scene of so much joy, will frequently recal pleasures that I must never hope to taste again. Why is my heart so susceptible? Why is it not satisfied with the pure and unmixed delights of friendship?—It is. I accuse it wrongfully. But they teize me, my dear.—The worthy Mr. Brathwait—he means it for the best;—yet to what purpose should he argue with me? Why raise scruples in my mind, which I can neither conquer nor remove? He would persuade me the voluntary choice of a single life is contrary to the will of Heaven; that it is selfish, and frustrates the end of our creation.

I QUOTE St. Paul on the occasion. He tells me I do not understand the text; that St. Paul himself was a married man, as were most of the apostles.—I endeavour to silence him, by reminding him of my awful vow; upon which he turns to the Bible, and audibly reads: “ If  
 “ a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and  
 “ bind herself by a bond, being in her father’s  
 “ house in her youth; then if her father dis-  
 “ allow her in the day that he heareth it, not  
 “ any of her vows or bonds, wherewith she hath  
 “ bound her soul shall stand; and the Lord shall  
 “ forgive her, because her father disallowed her  
 “ vow.”

“ Now, madam,” continues the good man, with an air of triumph, “ what becomes of this  
 “ bugbear of a vow?—Your parent disallows  
 “ it, to speak in the language of holy Scripture;  
 “ it is therefore, to all intents and purposes, null  
 “ and void.”

AN

Miss INDIANA DANBY. 17

AN agreeable surprize, my dear Clara! I am this moment informed the colonel is below. I hasten to welcome the worthy man. Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.



## LETTER IV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**I** FIND, though my dear Clara has always told me truth, she has not told me all the truth. Why were the colonel's misfortunes concealed from me? I should have been less shocked, had my friend been the relater: she would have softened the melancholy account. My surprize at the abrupt manner in which it was mentioned, almost overcame my spirits.—Some neighbouring family dined with us on the day of his arrival: they began, in the usual unmeaning forms, to console with him on his reverse of fortune; though I could observe a secret satisfaction in the midst of their affected grief.

THE generality of people are much more liberal of their pity than congratulations.—I was amazed, and the colonel a good deal embarrassed. He endeavoured to change the conversation, nor did I then seek an explanation: but in the afternoon I asked him to accompany me in a walk.—He complied, with that obliging readiness with which he has ever endeavoured

deavoured to gratify my every wish.—He affected an air of cheerful composure, while I besought him to tell me what new misfortune had befallen him.—He could not refuse me the particulars, though I could see he generously wished to conceal them from me.—I was greatly affected, and, to appearance, stood more in need of consolation than himself.—In reality, he made slight of the affair, launched out in praise of retirement, and described, in glowing language, the rural beauties of the little estate he is still master of.

I LISTENED in silence, while the sympathizing tear stole down my cheek. He wiped off the falling drop, with inexpressible tenderness in his looks and manner. Generous, lovely Indiana! cried he, with emotion, I cannot bear this goodness.

Now, indeed, I am unhappy, since I have the misfortune to afflict your gentle heart. O hide those moving tears; my philosophy is too weak for this.—I left him a little abruptly.—At that moment my vow was almost forgot, and I was on the point of making him an offer of my hand and fortune, as some reparation for the loss he had sustained, and borne with such becoming fortitude.—Had I been free, gratitude for a passion like his,—friendship,—Heaven knows what would have been the consequence of such powerful pleaders in his favour. But a few minutes recollection shewed me my inability to reward his merit.

He would have left us on the second day of his visit; but mamma's and Mrs. Beverly's pressing importunities still detained him.—This most delicate of men has greatly changed his behaviour to me: he still professes the warmest  
friendship,

friendship, but cautiously avoids the least hint of love. O that I could make him happy!—If my fortune could contribute to it, how readily would I share it with him.—This is impossible. —Were I a man, indeed,——but we poor females—

Custom must be our guide, by age grown  
blind—

Severe to all, but most to woman-kind.

DID I tell you of the intimacy that now subsists between Miss Boothby and me? It commenced as soon as the colonel left the country: his being here, she told me, was the only reason for denying herself the long wished-for pleasure, as she was pleased to call it, of my acquaintance.—She is a most amiable engaging woman: we sometimes in our tête à têtes mention the agreeable Manly; it is, I find, a pleasing subject to her; neither time nor disappointment has been able to damp the fervor of her passion.—What would I give—but I dare not indulge the pleasing hope.—No, this change in his fortune has thrown fresh obstacles in the way of its accomplishment; he is above all mercenary considerations. If her love, perhaps too frankly avowed, could not excite a return, her fortune, to one of his disinterested way of thinking, will have but few attractions.—Oh! a card from the very lady I am speaking of: she has been some weeks in London: she intends us a visit this evening.—Ought I not to inform her the colonel is here? I fear her surprise and emotion at the unexpected sight of him.—Yes, I will write. I should wish to be prepared on a like occasion.—Our friend  
too,



too, may chance to be a little embarrassed.—  
 'Tis too late; her carriage is at the gate.—I  
 tremble for her.—Oh! I foresee her confusion;  
 would it had been in my power to prevent it.—  
 But adieu. I see her enter the house: I will  
 not close my letter till I add a few particulars of  
 her visit.

### IN CONTINUATION.

ON entering the drawing-room, I found only  
 Mrs. Beverly with our guest: mamma and the  
 colonel had strolled into the park.—Miss  
 Boothby ran to embrace me. I expressed my  
 joy at her return, and was hastening to in-  
 form her who she must soon expect to see make  
 his appearance; but, before the words were  
 uttered, open flew the door, and in came the  
 redoubtable swain, leading the marchioness.—My  
 friend stood with her back towards them.—On  
 hearing somebody enter, she hastily turned round.  
 —She started—her colour changed—and,  
 faltering out an incoherent compliment to mam-  
 ma, she hurried to a seat, hardly knowing what  
 she did. The poor colonel was in no less con-  
 fusion: he made her a respectful bow, and  
 placed himself at some distance from her, not  
 daring to glance his eyes to that side of the  
 room where she was. You, my gay friend,  
 might perhaps have enjoyed a scene sufficiently  
 ridiculous; but far different was the effect it  
 had on me. I endeavoured to relieve them  
 from their embarrassment, by some trifling  
 subject; I believe it was that never-failing to-  
 pic, the weather: for I remember the colo-  
 nel sagaciously observed it was very warm,  
 though in reality it was one of the coolest even-  
 ings

ings we have had this season;—but that was a trifle; to say something was all that was necessary. My ideas were not much clearer than his. It is certain, for the first ten minutes, our conversation was a kind of cross purpose, and we might justly be said to speak and yet say nothing. Miss Boothby was silent, but her fan was not unemployed; though, as I before said, no heat but the gentle flame of love could make it necessary.

BEFORE the tea-equipage made its appearance, we began to regain some degree of composure; and the Colonel had so much presence of mind, as, on observing the servants not immediately fetching the fair one's cup, to hasten, in his usual graceful manner, to perform that little service to the blushing and sweetly smiling Miss Boothby, whose lips trembled while she apologized for the trouble she gave him; which was answered by a respectful bow. He resumed his seat: the servants retired; and the remainder of the visit passed off with tolerable ease on all sides.

JUST before she left us, she drew me aside, and pressing my hand, "O Miss Danby," whispered she, "I am undone! why did I see this dangerously charming man?—Hush," added she, seeing me about to answer, "he is here."

HE took her hand to lead her to the carriage. She looked back at me with meaning in her eyes; "To-morrow morning, my dear Indiana," cried she, "I expect the pleasure of your company; I have a thousand things to say to you."

I SUPPOSE so—this evening's visit will be sufficiently canvassed, I make no doubt.

THE colonel was unusually thoughtful after she was gone. Pray heaven she was the subject of those thoughts! Adieu, my Clara, my friend.

I am



I am going to write to our dear Fanny; I need I  
tell you I am ever

Yours,

## INDIANA DANBY.



## LETTER V.

TO MISS DANBY.

**A**LAS, poor colonel! a male creature runs away with his estate, and a female seems inclined to run away with himself—That same Miss What d'ye call her is a pretty comely damsel, by all accounts—Forgive me, Indiana, but I have otherways disposed of our friend. I shall absolutely forbid the bans.

My prophetic spirit, which you know I sometimes boast of, foretells a happier fate for him; and in his I included a certain fair nymph, who will, I hope, at length be convinced of the crying sin of celibacy. I enter the list with your right reverend; read the enclosed elaborate piece of eloquence, child; read it, I say, three times every morning fasting; once at night, then place it under the small pillow that graces your ladyship's bed; and be sure to dream of a tall, genteel, military beau, with black eyes, white teeth, and dimpled smiles.—My life for it the charm will operate, if you follow my prescriptions.—None of those frowns, Indiana—I am in a gay humour; let me indulge it: the deuce is in it if we have not had enough of the solemn, weeping,

ing, wailing, &c. &c. &c. Yes, I will indulge this dawn of hope that revives my soul. Dear, dear creature, be propitious to our wishes, allowing the violation of your abominable unnatural vow to be a sin; all sins by sincere repentance shall be forgiven: and if you do not by this time heartily, violently, and most unfeignedly repent; why then, child, I say it's a miracle; that's all. The very inconstancy so natural to our sex, would convince me that you did, had you even made a more eligible choice. Was Indiana Danby, endowed with every grace of mind and person, ever designed for that peevish, prim, unsociable thing, called an Old Maid?—Ridiculous, unnatural—it is absolutely flying in the face of heaven—But for the prosecution of this argument, vide my sermon.

I LAY down my pen to indulge my mirth. Only think of your gay Clara's turning a casuistical divine.—Well, positively, one could not conceive a more extraordinary metamorphosis.—Now I see your sweet little mouth pursed up, and all your features expressing that pretty resentment which my levity so often excites. What a comfortable lecture should I have, were I with you, when you peruse this curious epistle!—Ah, would to heaven I were, though I was to be scolded, nay, beat, for my ill-timed mirth, as I know my dear saucy-face will call it.—Heigh-ho! the thoughts of the distance between us has made me grave.—Now is the time, could I keep in one humour two minutes together, to write to you: I know you delight in the plaintive strain; but it is changed already. Is it in nature to be grave, when I recollect the ridiculous behaviour of that consummate coquette lady Caroline? and I am going to talk of her.

THERE

THERE never was such a piece of modish affectation—when in all the pride of beauty, her airs and graces—no, even then they were scarce supportable.—But now, when that cruel enemy to fine faces has made such ravages in her's, to lisp and ogle, to nick-name God's creatures, is past all enduring.

HER ladyship yesterday honoured me with a visit, accompanied by her sister. I had not presence of mind enough to give orders to be denied to her, or I should certainly have saved myself from that torrent of impertinence, which for more than an hour I was forced to endure with none of the most Christian patience.—In she fluttered; her dress tout à fait à la mode de Paris.

“MY dear Mrs. Beville, I am infinitely rejoiced to find you in good health; it is an age since I had the happiness of seeing you: but I have such an inundation of engagements”——and down she sunk into a chair, as if fatigued with the bare recollection of them.

“O MADAM, one must not hope to engross much of the company of you fine ladies; you are a public good.”

“WHY really, my dear,” interrupted she, interpreting my speech into a compliment, “the public are infinitely indebted to us.”

“THAT is without dispute,” said I; “for you certainly treat them sufficiently often with a sight of your charms—but would not this treat be still more prized if they seldomer enjoyed it?”

“LARD, child,” cried she with an affected laugh, “what mighty sober notions you have imbibed since you have commenced that domestic thing a wife!”

“You

"You allow then," returned I, "that a wife is a domestic being?"

"WHY aye," said she, "in the age of Me-  
thusalem they might be so; but we moderns  
have more spirit; commend me to my favou-  
rite Ovid's advice——

In ev'ry public place by turns be shown;  
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.—

Repeating with a theatrical air.

"I MAY answer this well chosen quotation,"  
said I, "with another equally true."

"BEAUTY soon grows familiar to the eye:  
and we have been told, Too much familiarity  
breeds contempt."

"BLESS me, my dear, you are mighty grave  
and sententious all of sudden: is it in nature that  
you should be the once gay, witty Miss Free-  
more? The old dowagers of the grove have  
quite spoiled you, child; but now I mention  
them, how are the good sober antiques?"

"If I could guess who you mean by that epi-  
thet, I should be better able to answer your  
question."

"MY stars! Mrs. Bevill, you absolutely  
amaze me. This affected gravity sits as auk-  
wardly on you as lady B—'s false curls."

"BRIGHT smile, lady Caroline; but in spite  
of your smartness, I am going to ask a very  
grave question. When did you hear from Mr.  
Beverly?"

"GRAVE!" cried she, laughing, "it is the  
very quintessence of gravity. When, did I  
hear from Mr. Beverly? I will take my death  
I cannot recollect when I heard from him."  
"Do you? Julia," turning to her sister. "O,  
VOL. III. B " now



“ now I remember; it was the very day I was  
 “ going to the dutchess of N——’s masquerade:  
 “ What on earth could you be doing that you  
 “ was not there? not a creature alive of any  
 “ taste but yourself was absent. O it was the  
 “ most divine assembly.—I shall never forget the  
 “ envy of that affected prude, Bell Draper,  
 “ when she saw how I was followed by her dear  
 “ lord G——; he has an infinite deal of wit,  
 “ and is absolutely the very prettiest fellow I  
 “ know. Do not you remember the compli-  
 “ ment he paid me, Julia, when he first accost-  
 “ ed me?—I am sure you do not know me,”  
 said I.

“ AH, how can I fail?” returned he, “ since  
 “ by her graceful steps the queen of love is  
 “ known.”

“ POOR neglected Bell was close at my el-  
 “ bow: she fluttered her fan to tatters with vex-  
 “ ation. I do love to mortify those conceited  
 “ creatures who think themselves handsome.  
 “ She is a most consummate prude too, and  
 “ rails unmercifully at every innocent freedom;  
 “ but innocent freedoms are not to her taste,  
 “ though the town belies her, if she is as squeam-  
 “ ish to others of a different nature.”

IN this manner she ran on; nor was out of  
 breath till she had demolished the reputation of  
 half her acquaintance! but to describe the air  
 and graces that accompanied what she uttered  
 is impossible. I absolutely think she is a thou-  
 sand times more vain than when she had a title  
 to be so—nor is there any thing uncommon in  
 this. People who have but a doubtful preten-  
 sion to what they wish to be possessed of, are  
 generally most tenacious of their imaginary  
 right. Who so proud as your half-bred gen-  
 try

try?—Poor insignificant creature! how I despise her!

THIS same amazing pretty fellow, Lord G——, if the town does not belie her, to use her own expression, is sufficiently in her good graces—She has infected me—I know you will chide me for this hint; I must own it borders rather upon scandal, and that is a species of wit particularly adapted to your taste.

No more complaints of short letters—One, two, three; absolutely a little volume. Adieu, my lovely, best loved friend. Bevill sends you his kindest wishes. Mine to all the worthies of your hall—our hero in particular—Do not be refractory, Indiana, or you will violently

Offend yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

B 2

L E T.

## LETTER VI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**H**AD I not been prevented from returning an immediate answer to my dear Clara's letter, you should not have been disappointed of the expected lecture, and which you most richly deserve: but now my resentment is a little subsided. Nor is this all; my thoughts are at present so totally engrossed by the affecting scene I have been engaged in, that I cannot particularly answer the exceptionable part of your, too full of levity as it is, welcome epistle.

AH, my dear, poor Colonel Manly has bid me, I fear, an eternal adieu! Till this morning he had cautiously avoided giving me any hints of the continuance of his passion—but the prospect of our separation got the better of the painful restraint he had imposed on himself—He now sought an opportunity of speaking to me in private—What a conversation!—I was excessively moved at his grief—but he no longer sued for a return of passion: he rather, if possible, exaggerated the unsurmountable obstacles that were placed between him and his wishes. He condemned his weakness in coming to the grove—absence, he said, was the only probable remedy for his hopeless love. He must, for the future, deny himself the happiness of seeing me. Yes, he would tear himself from all he held dear on earth, and bury himself in a joyless retirement; for joyless every place must be to him when I was absent. But why do I dwell on the melancholy scene? He is gone; that unparalleled friend, that most worthy of his sex: and I, who earnestly

wish



wish his felicity, am, alas! the cause of his distress.

POOR Miss Boothby too—how I pity her! She heard he was going, and came privately to the hall. I was surprised when informed of her unexpected visit. She begged leave to go into my dressing room, that from the windows which front the road she might see him depart.

“ONE last look,” said she with emotion, “I may be indulged in. I know your gentle heart, my Indiana,” continued she, “will rather sympathize in my sorrow, than too severely condemn my involuntary weakness.”

I EMBRACED, and led her to the apartment, where I was obliged to leave her to her melancholy reflections.

WHEN the Colonel was gone, I hastened up to her; she had cast herself into a chair, almost lifeless: it was with difficulty I could prevent her fainting. I endeavoured to sooth her.

“AH, my friend, my indulgent friend,” cried she, “how I expose myself! I blush at my folly; yet why should I be ashamed to acknowledge my partiality for an object so every way worthy my regard. My heart was lost before I had leisure to call my pride or reason to my aid. This heart, which others have found no easy conquest, is also become a volunteer in love, and yields unsued for.”

SHE ceased, and wiped her eyes; when hearing a noise on the stairs—“O hide me!” cried she, starting from her seat, “let me not have more witnesses of my unhappy weakness.”

I WENT to the door: it was only one of the maids passing to another room—Miss Boothby followed me.

"ADIEU! my friend," whispered she. "Let me take this opportunity to escape unnoticed. I should die with confusion were any of the family to see me. Conscious of my motives for coming here, I dare not meet the penetrating eyes of Mrs. Beverly or the Marchioness." She pressed my hand between hers, and hurried down the back stairs. I followed and accompanied her to her carriage, which waited for her at the entrance to the Park.

ON my return I found mamma, Mrs. Beverly, and Mr. Brathwait, in deep consultation, which my presence interrupted; by which I guessed the subject they had been engaged in. The good man arose and led me to a seat; hem'd, and placed himself by me, without quitting my hand.

"WELL, Doctor," said I, smiling, "what new arguments have you been collecting? I guess by the importance of your looks, you are going to renew the old topic."

"I AM indeed, Madam," answered he; "and may heaven give conviction to what I am about to offer!"

"SPARE me," interrupted I: "my mind is at present but little prepared for arguing."

"EXCUSE me, dear young lady," cried he: "if it is softened by your separation from one of the best of men, it is the very time I should choose to talk with you on an affair which your parent, your friends have so much at heart; and in which, from my great regard for yours and their happiness, I so warmly interest myself. Heaven has now put it into your power to reward one whose virtue has recommended him to its favour. Providence seems to afflict the deserving Colonel Manly, only with a  
"view

“ view of facilitating his long-desired happiness.”

“ If you, my charming young lady, have any generosity; if you have any gratitude for a passion so constant as his has been, now is the time to manifest that noble disinterested manner of acting, of which I have always believed you so capable.”

“ THE Marchioness, your mother let me call her, to give the more weight to my persuasions, that best of parents, earnestly wishes to see your fates united: this only can sweeten the remainder of those days, too many of which your misfortunes have already imbittered. Duty to your parent is an express commandment; those who violate it incur the highest guilt. From your rash vow I have already proved you may be dispensed. I will venture to absolve you, nor fear to take the punishment on myself.”

“ AND do you,” cried I, rising, and casting myself at the feet of my mother, “ Ah! Madam, do you think lightly of my sacred engagement? Pity me! What can I do? alas! were I even free, I fear my refractory heart would still oppose your wishes.”

“ RISE, my loved Indiana,” cried she; “ I have no wish but for your happiness. I should be sorry to put any force on your inclinations. I hoped that fatal vow was the most material obstacle to a union I own I greatly desire should take place. But if you cannot return the amiable Manly’s passion, there is no remedy: I must give up the flattering wish I had too fondly cherished. His uncommon merit endears him to me; I am concerned at his misfortunes, and earnestly desired to make him

“ amends-

“ amends for the loss of his estate, by giving him  
 “ a treasure—Ah! my child, such you appear to  
 “ a fond parent, and such I am sure he would  
 “ have esteemed you.—But I see you are af-  
 “ fected,” added she, embracing me, and ten-  
 derly wiping off my tears.

“ You are too good,” said I, “ I am an  
 “ unhappy creature, unworthy this kind indul-  
 “ gence.”—“ But tell me, Sir,” turning to Mr.  
 Brathwait; “ instruct me in my duty; you are  
 “ a pious man, and capable to direct me: next  
 “ to heaven I certainly owe obedience to my pa-  
 “ rents; teach me, if it be possible, to recon-  
 “ cile them in one distressing instance: renew  
 “ your argument; you shall find me open to  
 “ conviction, but beware lest your friendship for  
 “ us should bias your better judgment; since  
 “ those whose happiness is dearer to me than life,  
 “ so strenuously oppose my continuing single.”

I PAUSED, and raising my eyes to heaven, “ O  
 “ thou awful Being!” continued I; “ whom  
 “ with my whole heart I reverence, instruct me  
 “ how to act. I cast myself on thy mercy.”

Mrs. BEVERLY arose, and taking my hand,  
 “ compose yourself, dearest Indiana,” said she.  
 “ You permit us to hope; however distant its  
 “ accomplishment may be, the bare probability  
 “ of seeing you one day happy, will be our con-  
 “ solation till the wished-for time arrives. You  
 “ cannot wonder at the marchioness’s anxiety, nor  
 “ that she should earnestly desire to see her loved  
 “ daughter united to some worthy man, who may  
 “ be her protector, when”——

“ OH! spare me, madam,” interrupted I,  
 “ I dare not look forward to that dreaded event.  
 “ O may I never live to experience the loss of  
 “ my estimable parent!”

“ LET

"LET a regard to the happiness of that justly  
"esteemed parent then," cried Mr. Brathwait,  
"give weight to my arguments. If colonel  
"Manly is doomed to be unsuccessful in his pas-  
"sion, let us yet hope some other deserving man  
"may be more fortunate."

"PERMIT me to retire," said I, turning to  
my mamma. "I will go and petition heaven  
"for direction."

AND now, my dear Clara—but why should I  
ask your advice? I know what it will be before  
you give it. Yet lightly as you all treat this  
fatal vow—fatal I call it, not from that repent-  
ance you with too much levity suppose; but be-  
cause it is so displeasing to my parent. Little as  
you think of the consequence of violating it,  
I say I am convinced, were I persuaded to  
do so, I should never after enjoy a moment's  
peace.

AH! Mrs. Bevill! my friends are cruelly kind  
in their mistaken solicitude for my happiness.  
Why am I not suffered quietly to glide through  
life in that tranquillity I have deliberately chosen?  
I own the marriage state—but what a lottery is  
that!—How few like you, my Clara, draw a  
prize? When they do, I freely own it is to be  
preferred to a single life—but after such disap-  
pointments as I have met with—no, it is impos-  
sible I should ever love again.

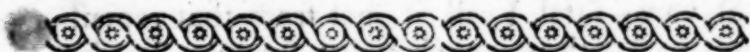
My amiable, my unfortunate brother, you  
have punctually followed my instructions: I too  
have kept the painful resolution I had made not to  
mention him; but now let me give one more  
sigh to his dear memory. Alas! what is be-  
come of him? a secret grief preys upon my be-  
loved mamma; the more dangerous for its con-  
cealment. Is it not surprising that we have had



no account of him this long, long time since he left us, notwithstanding our most diligent inquiries? How should I rejoice to see him! I trust, my heart is cured of its criminal attachment; but surely I may be permitted to love him as a brother, as a friend.—I will drop the dangerous subject; it is dangerous to my peace.

Adieu!

INDIANA DANBY.



## LETTER VII.

To Miss DANBY.

**I** FIND my dear Indiana is determined to make me grave in spite of nature.—What a letter is your last!—Never send me such another. I have hardly opened my lips since I received it; and to aim at a smile would now be a fruitless attempt. I am as sober as if I had paid a visit to what's his name's cave. Have a little mercy; if you go into the plaintives I shall absolutely be fit for no living thing. Bevill will have no reason to thank you for the metamorphosis you have caused in his helpmate.

It was but this morning he came into my dressing-room, and, like a good spouse as he is, took my hand: "What is the matter, my dear Clara? "You seem low spirited. Will you take an airing?"——

"No," was my answer: short, but not very sweet.

"WELL,

" WELL, but tell me, my dearest life, (he is  
" a well spoken man you know) has any thing  
" happened to give you uneasiness?—Your friend.  
" —I hope no new misfortune has befallen  
" her."

" No, again," my laconick reply.

" You seem very fond of that little monosyl-  
" lable to-day, my dear," said he; " it is well  
" for me it was not always so much in favour."  
Did you ever suspect Bevill to have wit?

" Do not pester me with questions," cried  
I; " I am vexed; I am grave; I cannot  
" speak."

THE nurse entered at that moment with my  
boy.—His fond father, spite of good examples—  
the man has no taste for the accomplishments of a  
modern husband, you may believe I frequently  
blush for him.

HE took the child in his arms; " Go, my  
" little prattler," said he, " and smile your mam-  
" ma into a good humour."

HE brought him to me—I believe I might so  
far forget myself as to kiss the dear creature—but  
what am I about? we mothers—O Indiana, my  
dear Indiana, hasten to be one, were it but to  
keep your friend in countenance.

ONE part of our conversation, however, I  
cannot omit, because it pleased me, and because  
I think it will please you. Finding every attempt  
failed to raise my dejected spirits, he at last pro-  
posed paying you a visit; said the country air  
would be of service to me; and for his part he  
longed to pay his personal respects to my fair  
friend.—This had the desired effect.

" DEAR Mr. Bevill!" cried I, in raptures,  
" are you serious?"

" YES,

“YES, my dear,” returned he, smiling, “though not quite so serious as you were just now.”

“WELL, positively, you are an obliging creature,” said I; “but do not trifle with me.”

“No, Clara, I never could learn that agreeable art, though a certain lady of my acquaintance, who is a perfect adept in it, is continually setting me the example.”

“WE seem to have changed characters, Bevil; you absolutely rally with infinite smartness to-day—but go on: this is your time to shine, when my wit is under an eclipse; do not be too vain, however; the cloud will disperse now you have given me such enlivening hopes.—O let me but once again see my Indiana, and I bid defiance to the spleen and all its melancholy train.”

Now, my dear Indiana, let your handmaidens prepare my old apartment; but caution honest Martha not to be so profuse of her flowers. Do you remember how we were diverted last time I was with you, at the elegance of her taste, when with infinite pains the good soul had dizen'd out the room like a milk-maid's garland?—Pity to my weak nerves obliged me to demolish the stately fabrick of sweets she had laboured to rear. O my lovely girl! what happy scenes rush upon my memory? How many delightful tête-à-têtes have I there enjoyed with you, and will again?

YES, Indiana, I am convinced fortune, so long perverse, will at length smile upon you, and do justice to your merit—but let us have a little more chat about this said apartment.

It was once yours; I think you told me you liked it because of the extensive prospect from the window,

window—and you at last disliked it for a nearer prospect of a different kind, though most fair ones would have thought the last by far the most delightful. You know what I mean—a certain resemblance of a certain pretty fellow is placed exactly opposite to the foot of the bed; the said portrait at full length, dressed in a Spanish habit, with a book in its hand (he is a very contemplative gentleman you know) makes no small figure; often have I examined it; the painter has not been able with all his art to do him justice—to give the devil his due, the wretch has an inimitable face—he has, however, happily enough, caught the easy gracefulness of his person—but his eyes—no, it is himself only that can give that fire an expression which is so natural to them, at other times that soft languor which is so seducing.—Heigh-ho! I have absolutely almost talked myself into love with him—but this is the bright side of the picture. Inconstancy, wildness, and a thousand other faults, throw so deep a shade over it, that its beauties are almost totally eclipsed.—Such is the roving Beverly! the bitter overbalances the sweet.

O, I had almost forgot to tell you, that wretch, colonel Manly's pretended brother, as I must still think him, is endeavouring to sell the estate, in order to go abroad again. Does not this look a little suspicious? for would any man in his senses prefer a foreign clime to his native country? especially when that country is England? now too, when he is in such flourishing circumstances, and with such a collection of—brats—I was going to say: but the poor children are innocent, whatever their parents may be—but with so large a family, then let it be. Do you think any reasonable creature would be inclined to take so long a voyage as that

that he proposes, if he durst stay where he is? Bevill is inclined to be of my opinion—but what signifies our opinion? Possession is nine points of the law.

THE dear Manly was, I think, too passive in the affair, though the creature, indeed, produced what was esteemed sufficient proofs of his right and title, and told a very plausible story as most people thought; but my faith would never remove mountains; I am in general rather inclined to the incredulous.

OF the three cardinal virtues, hope is my favourite: I have spoke modestly of the first; and for my charity, you will not think I abound in it, by the judgment I have, perhaps, without reason, formed of this man.

BUT for hope! that dear cordial of life, that charming flatterer, which tells me I shall so soon see my Indiana—ah! pray heaven it may not deceive me! or I discard it for ever.—Adieu!

GALLOP apace, ye fiery-footed steeds, and usher in the joyful day in which I shall embrace my friend.—Till that dear time,

Adieu!

CLARA BEVILL.

LE T.

A  
shall  
form  
some  
me,  
fight-  
looki  
and  
happ  
Ac  
walks  
to lif  
of yo  
most  
foul,  
shall  
and h  
thoug  
I t  
see o  
know  
little l  
As  
good  
wife,  
epistle  
over-c  
—of  
wish,  
tle m  
way of



## L E T T E R VIII.

To Miss DANBY.

**A**DIEU! she cried, and waved her lilly hand—ah! that vile thing called parting—shall I ever forget your sweet sorrow, or sweeter form, when standing on the little green mount at some distance from the hall, your eyes followed me, till the envious carriage drove me from your sight—After you there was no object worth looking at; I reclined myself back in the coach, and lived over again in imagination the happy month I had spent in your dear society.

AGAIN I rambled with you over the delightful walks that surrounded your castle; I seemed again to listen to your plaintive voice; nor were the rest of your worthies forgot: in particular, I feel a most violent penchant for that honest literal old soul, my fellow casuist. If he gains his cause, I shall absolutely be downright in love with him; and he, I think, had no antipathy to my ladyship, though I sometimes made him look about him.

I TELL Bevill he has married my fortune. You see old and young admire me, cried I; who knows what might have happened had I been a little less quick in my motions?

As I live, a letter from our dear Manly! my good spouse will not suffer me to play the jealous wife, for he makes me the confidante of all his epistles: but on second thoughts, does not his over-officiousness argue a kind of consciousness of —of I do not rightly know what; but I could wish, methinks, for some pretence for a little gentle matrimonial altercation now-and-then, by way of rousing us from this dead calm: any thing  
for

for the sake of dear variety—besides, it is so unfashionable for a man and wife to have no disputes; it renders conversation so flat too—But the man is afraid to put his authority to the proof, and dares not try whether I remember the lesson I with no great fluency repeated on a certain memorable occasion—but no more trifling at present. First, I have learned to be methodical of honest Mr. Brathwait—First, I say, because I am going to transcribe the colonel's letter. Secondly, because you will be both pleased and surpris'd at its contents. And lastly, because I find myself in the humour to send you a packet of insignificant chat, from which the transcribing of this letter will happily save you.

ADIEU then, my best-beloved; I except none.—Be all attention, the colonel is going to speak in his turn.

Yours ever,

CLARA BEVILL.

LET-

Y  
to ta  
reaso  
will,  
passio  
that  
upon  
my  
your  
that  
done  
T  
fonde  
age  
every  
longe  
has t  
trium  
subje  
inten  
I  
it is  
my  
amaz  
more  
pecte  
“  
“ me  
“ yo  
“ an  
“ br

## L E T T E R IX.

To JOHN BEVILL, Esq;

**Y**OUR agreeable letters, my dear Bevill, greatly add to the pleasure I am beginning to taste in my calm retreat. Yes, my friend, reason and philosophy (despair too, I may add) will, I hope, at length triumph over my ill-fated passion. I remember one of your maxims was, that love could not long exist without hope; and, upon my word, now I have more strictly examined my heart, I begin to think there is some truth in your observation; for till now, I do not believe that dear delusive flatterer had ever totally abandoned me.

THE adorable Indiana is still the object of my fondest esteem and admiration. Her lovely image haunts me perpetually, and gives charms to every object that surrounds me; but I am no longer unhappy, a kind of pleasing melancholy has taken possession of me. Ah! Bevill, I fear I triumph without a victory: why else does this subject run away with my pen, contrary to my intentions, when I sit down to write?

I HAVE a surprising piece of news to tell you; it is so surprising that I can scarce give credit to my senses—my estate is restored to me—you are amazed!—believe me, I am no less so—But to be more particular—I yesterday received an unexpected visit from my attorney.

“THE business you intrusted to my management,” said he, “is settled, and I hope to your satisfaction. Every body allows it to be an uncommonly reasonable purchase; but your brother had immediate occasion for the money,  
“or

“ or he would never have disposed of it on those terms.”

I STARED—“ What purchase?” cried I. “ I do not understand you.”

“ NOT understand me, Sir !” repeated he.—  
 “ But perhaps you did not expect the affair would be so soon determined—I have indeed used my utmost diligence ; and you are so universally esteemed—*bowing*—that few chose to bid against me. The whole estate, which every body believed to be at least worth thirty thousand pounds, is once more yours for twenty.”

“ I HAVE brought you the writings,” continued he ; “ and, according to the instructions you gave me, have paid the money I received for that purpose. You was pleased to leave the whole affair to my management, and I have reason to believe you will not accuse me of making an ill use of that trust.”

“ MR. MANLY proposes leaving England as soon as his health will permit ; he thinks he enjoys it better in the climate to which he has been so long accustomed, than in this, though his native country.”

I WAS so astonished at what he told me, that I had not power to interrupt him. Mean time, he produced the writings, which confirmed what he said. While I pretended to be reading them, I had time to reflect in what manner I should proceed in so odd an affair. I at last determined to let him remain in the belief that he had acted by my order, till, if possible, I discovered who has conferred on me this unexpected, and, I must say, unwished-for obligation—My relations, though they have it amply in their power—but it is ridiculous to suppose any of them would act

in this uncommonly disinterested and noble manner; since, on other more trifling occasions, I have found them so backward in instances of friendship. But who then can it be? Bevill, my dear friend, help me to unravel this mystery—The generous Indiana—By heavens! if I thought—I cannot bear the supposition,—her love was all my ambition aspired to—The marchioness—Mrs. Beverly—No! it is romantick, ridiculous, absurd, to imagine it—My thoughts are all perplexity and confusion.

I HAVE already given orders for my journey to town—Yes, I will trace out these—what shall I call them? They meant, no doubt, to make me happy; but, on the contrary, I shall never enjoy a moment's peace till I have restored to them that gift which nothing shall prevail on me to accept. Riches is not that which is wanting to my felicity; I have experienced how little that has in its power to bestow.

PERHAPS Mrs. Bevill may be able to direct my inquiries. I depend much on her known penetration; I must beg her to engage in my cause. Never man was rendered more miserable than I am, by what most people would esteem an extraordinary piece of good fortune.

ADIEU! I am impatient to be in town; I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you in a few days.—Believe me yours, with perfect esteem,

CHARLES MANLY.

L E T-



## LETTER X.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

A FEW lines, my dear Clara—Company! how vexatious is their unseasonable interruption—I have a thousand things to say to you.—Miss Boothby is in town; perhaps you have seen her—Take care, my dear Mrs. Bevill, for the honour of our sex, be cautious how you mention what I am going to hint to you: the world is too often unfavourable in its constructions; few are able to make just allowances for the lengths to which a noble and disinterested passion may carry people.

I AM almost convinced it is to her the colonel is indebted for his good fortune: an inadvertent expression or two, which in the fulness of her heart dropped from her on taking leave of me, and which this affair brings to remembrance, gives room for this suspicion.

DEAR, generous girl! what can she promise herself from what she has done?—Alas! a heart must be a free gift; it is not to be purchased: nay, this oppressing obligation, as the colonel esteems it, will rather be an obstacle, than a furtherance to her wishes. But let me not wrong her; I really believe her motives were perfectly disinterested—I talk as if I was certain it is to her he is indebted—but who else can I so justly suspect? she is rather of a romantic turn, and violent both in love and friendship—I am sent for—Be cautious, my dear Clara; I may be mistaken,—perhaps the colonel will be able to discover his benefactor without our assistance. If it should be Miss Boothby—I think gratitude—

Another

Another  
what  
your

T  
chase  
The c  
ther to  
me of  
notable

I T  
on, an  
quiries  
rade of

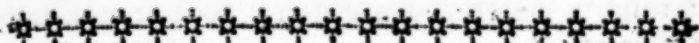
O  
concei  
delicac  
of our  
ed it,  
with v  
myster  
plicabl

But  
enters  
face;

Another summons—how teasing!—I hardly know what I write. Adieu! I am all impatience for your next letter.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.



# LETTER XI.

To Miss DANBY.

**T**WENTY thousand pounds principal money.—The deuce is in it if it cannot purchase a husband! no need of sagacity, child. The colonel and Bevill laid their wise heads together to such good purpose, that they have robbed me of the merit I intended to have made of our notable discovery.

I TREASURED up your mighty prudent caution, and determined to delay it till I saw their inquiries ineffectual; then would I have made a parade of my penetration.

O HOW I should have triumphed over these conceited lords of the creation—but for your vile delicacy!—so wondrous tenacious of the honour of our sex—How effectually should I have asserted it, while I shewed two poor puzzled wretches with what ease female wit was able to unravel a mystery, which to their stupid brains was inexplicable.

BUT while I deliberated, Bevill this morning enters my dressing-room, wonderment in his face; when dismissing my Abigail—"you will  
" be

"be surprised at what I am going to tell you, my Clara," cried he, almost out of breath with eagerness: these men boast much of their retentive faculty. Do not you admire their arrogant pretensions?

"NEVER be too confident of any thing," said I, composedly; "a wonder lasts but nine days; and I will lay my life I have known this mighty secret you are going to communicate, this age."

"IMPOSSIBLE! my dear," cried he, still pluming himself on his notable discovery.

"LORD! Bevill, you are so conceited—but I am determined to mortify your vanity—You was going to tell me the colonel is indebted to—to—" I burst into a loud laugh—The creature was piqued.

"YOUR mirth is a little unseasonable, Madam—but as you please."—Up he got, and paced about the apartment, biting his lips with great dignity in his air, as he imagined. I likewise arose, and laying my hand on his arm, with a gracious smile,—“Not more unseasonable than your stately gravity, Sir,” with an emphasis, said I: “but come, in sober sadness, let us have a little more chat about this same Miss Boothby.”

He started—“Miss Boothby! how the devil could you guess?”

"O WITH the greatest ease imaginable," interrupted I, "and that without the devil's assistance too—but tell me, rather, how you could possibly—Do not be angry, Bevill," continued I, smiling—"but I should never have suspected—"

"I KNOW what my dear saucy-face is going to say," interrupted he.

"YES,

"YES, I believe you may give a pretty shrewd guess: but come, let me have the particulars of this sagacious discovery."

"A MAN had need have all his wits about him," answered he, "when a female plot is formed against him—the fair lady took all imaginable care to conceal herself."

"O TO be sure!" interrupted I, laughing; "it is proper to premise that, or your sagacity would be robbed of half its merit."

"A TRUCE with your smartness, Clara, or I shall never come to the requested particulars: the wished-for discovery was made by means of a letter wrote by Miss Boothby to one of Mr. Craven's clerks, whom she had employed in the affair, and bribed to secrecy."

"AND he, by a larger bribe, was, like a true man, induced to betray his trust," cried I.

"THERE you are mistaken again."

"AGAIN!" repeated I; "pray when was I mistaken before?—but proceed, I promise you no more interruptions."

"THE letters supposed to be wrote by colonel Manly's orders," continued he, "were produced; they were on examination thought to resemble the writing of Mr. Smith, the clerk I before mentioned; upon which he was questioned; but he positively denied the charge: he was, however, on our repeated interrogations, in some degree of confusion. This strengthened our suspicions that he was concerned in the affair. The other clerks were likewise examined, but easily convinced us they had no hand in it. Mr. Smith then was the only one we could reasonably suspect; orders were privately given to intercept any future letters that might be directed to him."

"It

YES,

“ It must be owned, we had no just right to  
 “ proceed in this manner ; but as no injury was  
 “ intended, we thought we might reasonably re-  
 “ pay plot with plot.

“ THIS morning we again called at Mr. Cra-  
 “ ven’s, when he produced a letter for his clerk,  
 “ which he deferred opening till we came. The  
 “ direction was in a female hand. The colonel  
 “ took it, and after examining it with attention,  
 “ I observed he changed colour, eagerly felt for  
 “ his pocket-book, when hastily retiring to a  
 “ window, I saw him take out a letter, which  
 “ he seemed to be comparing with that Mr. Cra-  
 “ ven had given him.”

IN a few minutes he returned to us—“ I am  
 “ almost convinced,” said he, with emotion,  
 “ without opening the letter, that the writer is  
 “ no stranger to me; but to remove all doubts,  
 “ I must do what yet I cannot justify to myself.”  
 So saying, he broke the seal, but in such a man-  
 ner that it might be closed again without disco-  
 vering what he had done.

IT was subscribed by a feigned name ; but the  
 writing so exactly resembled that he had on a ve-  
 ry extraordinary occasion formerly received from  
 Miss Boothby, that not the shadow of a doubt  
 remained as to the author. The substance of the  
 letter was, to thank Mr. Smith for his care and  
 diligence in the affair entrusted to his manage-  
 ment, and contained a draught for the promised  
 gratuity. The colonel was frequently mentioned  
 in it, as well as repeated injunctions of secrecy.  
 You may believe Mr. Craven was not let into  
 the secret, but only told in general that we had  
 discovered who the person was that we had made  
 such inquiry about. The letter was sealed again,  
 and



and ordered to be delivered to Mr. Smith. We then took our leave.

I WAS still as much in the dark as the lawyer; till the colonel, at my earnest request, with all the delicacy and caution an affair of that nature required, honoured me with his confidence. I was, as you may believe, exceedingly amazed; and with the utmost sincerity congratulated my friend on so important a conquest.

He sighed; Ah! Bevill, I am distressed, I know not how to act. The lady is amiable; her fortune is above my hopes; this proof of her uncommon generosity too—but my pride—Shall she have reason to think so meanly of me, as that her fortune should have more influence than her offered heart?—Forbid it honour!—No! I will restore to her the oppressing obligation. Had I before the change in my affairs indeed known she still honoured me with her regard, since all hopes of the adorable Indiana—but now—it cannot be—Yet what shall I do?—Advise me, dear Bevill.

I DID so; and with all the arguments I could collect, pressed him to consent to his own and her happiness: I shewed him the difficulty he would involve himself in if he offered to her the purchased estate, without at the same time offering himself. “There is no medium, Manly,” continued I; “you must either give her both, or keep the one, and pretend to be ignorant who is the generous donor.”

“No! that I will never submit to,” exclaimed he.

“WELL then,” said I, “you cannot in honour act otherwise than I advise. Would you shock the lady’s delicacy by a second refusal? for the first you had some excuse, a prior attachment;

“ tachment; but now all hopes of gaining our  
 “ fair unfortunate are vanished, what can you  
 “ say for yourself?”

“ AH! heaven knows,” cried he; “ but it is  
 “ certain I will never be bought in this manner.  
 “ A lady purchases an estate, and a husband, as  
 “ a trifle not worth mentioning, is thrown into  
 “ the bargain.”

I SMILED — “ Adieu!” continued he, “ I  
 “ have a difficult part to act! but something  
 “ must be determined on, and that immediately  
 “ for till the affair is settled one way or other, I  
 “ shall not enjoy a moment’s peace.”

Now, Indiana, tell me what will be the end  
 of all this? For my part, I see no remedy; the  
 man must even take her, I think; the deuce is in  
 it, if she has not bid high enough for him: but  
 this it is to let these male creatures know their  
 importance.—Wretches!—There is no managing  
 them unless they are kept at a proper distance  
 give them the least encouragement, and all is  
 over; farewell submission.—Yet were they not  
 born to be our slaves?—Do not mistake me—  
 before they are matronized, I mean—after-  
 wards; alas! poor wife! nothing but love, ho-  
 nour, and obey, to the end of the chapter.

BUT to be serious—I always prepare you for  
 that, for fear of too suddenly surprising you—  
 be serious, I say; I would give the world if I  
 could bring about a match between this kind  
 hearted damsel and our friend. She is handsome  
 and except in—but who ever was wise under the  
 influence of the little blind god? In other respects  
 she does not want sense: nay, you would persuade  
 me she is uncommonly so; but though I do not  
 suspect your judgment, the goodness of your  
 heart is sometimes apt to bias it in favour of your  
 friend

friends, or a certain thoughtless giddy soul of our acquaintance would not with all her faults have so long been blessed with your esteem. Adieu! my hand is cramped with writing.

Yours for ever and ever,

CLARA BEVILL.

*P. S.* The scandalous chronicle tells some entertaining secret anecdotes of a certain lady, whose husband has left her to her own devices; and of a certain noble lord, who spares none, to gain his wicked ends, as my antiquated cousin Deborah calls them. I leave you to make your own conjectures, as to the consequence of their flutteration, if her deary should come home, and suspect his help-mate of having graced his head with no uncommon, as it is said, but, nevertheless, ungraceful ornaments.

## LETTER XII.

From Col. MANLY to Miss BOOTHBY.

**W**HAT language shall I use to express the sense I have of the obligation the amiable Miss Boothby has conferred upon me!—Ah! Madam, you oppress me with your generosity—Unfortunate that I am, not to have it in my power to make the least return for such unmerited goodness. I cannot esteem it any to restore to you that fortune which is—which must still be yours. Yes, madam, you must permit me to resign my title to it. To part with the estate is a trifle; since from the noblest instance that ever was given, I am permitted to flatter myself that you honour me with your esteem—once——

**F**ORGIVE me, madam. Believe me, I would sooner die than wound your delicacy.—But may I be permitted to indulge myself in the sweet recollection of an event, which, but for a prior attachment, might have rendered me the happiest of men?

**T**HAT dear hope is for ever fled! A bankrupt in all but the warmest gratitude, I dare not now solicit your hand, oppressed as I already am with obligation.—No; it would be the highest presumption.—If I had not experienced this melancholy reverse of fortune indeed, I might, could I by any other way have been, as I now am, convinced of your generous regard, I might, I say, have been tempted to solicit a still more endearing proof of it; because I should not then have been so utterly unworthy of your acceptance.

But

BUT honour forbids the least shadow of hope. Take back then, dear madam, that unmerited gift, which I cannot, must not, accept;—but let me still retain your friendship and esteem, which to me are of a thousand times more value.

I HAVE already given up the writings, and ordered them to be drawn in your name. Do not be offended; it was not a false pride that induced me to it. But could you imagine, when once I had discovered my noble benefactress, that I would suffer her, for my sake, so greatly to diminish a fortune, which none ever so justly merited, because none ever employed it to more beneficent purposes? It would, in my opinion, have been a public injury.

ONCE more then I repeat it, take back the noble gift; and with it—But why should I attempt to describe my gratitude? It is not to be expressed. Judge, by what you, amiable Miss Boothby, would have felt on a like occasion:—for you who are capable of such an instance of generosity, must be equally so of the other.

Do me the justice to believe I have a no less sensible heart: put that heart to the proof, and you shall find it ever devoted to your service: for I am, with the most profound respect,

Your highly obliged, and

most obedient servant,

CHARLES MANLY.



## L E T T E R XIII.

TO CHARLES MANLY, Esq;

**I**T is your friend, your Indiana, that writes.— Ah! let me not find you deaf to her persuasions. Once she had some influence over her highly esteemed Manly. Miss Boothby has honoured me with her confidence; she has shewn me your letter. Her regard, her admiration is increased.

LET me ask you, my friend, is it possible your heart should continue insensible to the united force of generosity and beauty? Can you make no return? Can you not consent to the happiness that courts your acceptance? Ah! Sir, consider that in yours is included the happiness of your friends. For the lady's sake, for your own sake, and, let me add, for your Indiana's sake.

BUT what am I doing!—Believe me, Miss Boothby is ignorant of my writing to you on this subject. It would wound her delicacy.—No; though her heart has involuntarily disposed of itself in your favour, yet think not she would condescend to sue for yours in return. It is I only, who, studious for your welfare, intreat you to consent to what I am sensible must contribute to your felicity.

I AM persuaded her motives for what she did were perfectly disinterested; the precautions she took to conceal herself are a proof of it; and the confusion, the distress to which your unexpected discovery has reduced her, confirms it.

LISTEN to the dictates of honour and gratitude; they will best instruct you how you ought to

to act. The world is censorious. Excuse these hints, my friend: I know they are needless to one of your generous way of thinking; but I know too, by fatal experience, how difficult it is to govern the refractory heart. Yet surely, when the object is endued with so many graces, both of mind and person, it is almost impossible you should be insensible of her attractions.

I WILL indulge the flattering hope that I shall one day see the wished-for union take place: then need I no longer be debarred the pleasure of your society. It was with infinite regret I saw myself deprived of it; but you convinced me our separation was necessary to your peace: that cruel necessity will then no longer subsist.

You find self-love has no small share in my motives for engaging in the cause; though, if I know my own heart, your happiness is my principal inducement: for I am, with the most perfect esteem,

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

## L E T T E R XIV.

To Miss DANBY.

**O** LOVELY Indiana! what is it you require of me? Too well you know your power! Yes, I will endeavour to obey you.

**BUT** is a heart like mine, which has exhausted all its tenderness on an unsuccessful passion, worthy? or\* rather, will your fair friend deign to accept it, still divided as it is? Ah! I might more justly say, still wholly yours, in spite of all my efforts. Yes, adorable Indiana! those who once submit to your chains, must never more hope for freedom.

**BUT** you intreat me; you, who have a right to command, condescend to intreat me to be happy—so you call it. Be it so. One obstacle is removed—but what obstacle should have dared to oppose your wishes?—No; dispose of me as you think proper. I live but to gratify them.—Dear, insinuating pleader! who can resist your gentle eloquence?

**BUT** flatter me not with the delusive hope, that I may then, without endangering my peace, once more enjoy your delightful society. Ah! no; that time can never arrive: my only safety is in flight.—I dare not see you: even your dear letter has been fatal to the repose I was beginning to taste.

**BUT** what am I doing?—Am I, while I avow these sentiments, going to give my hand to another?—and if that other is your friend, will you suffer her to accept of such a husband? Honour forbids—but you command. I can have no will but yours: be cautious then how you direct it; force

force me not to commit an action which may perhaps diminish your esteem. I am unable to come to any fixed resolution. You, whose reason is clear, who are not, like me, torn by contending passions, direct me.

I SAID one obstacle was removed ; it is needless to trouble you with the particulars ; nor is my mind at present sufficiently tranquil to relate them. It is enough to tell you my pretended brother was an impostor ; on his death-bed he confessed it, and besought my pardon and compassion to his destitute family. He restored to me his unjustly acquired wealth.—Need I tell my Indiana I forgive him ?—or that I am, as humanity requires, determined to provide for his helpless family and widow ?

HE was, it seems, formerly in the same regiment with my brother, knew all his affairs, had seen, and after his death got possession of, the letter I had wrote to him. His perplexed affairs put it into his head to take advantage of circumstances so favourable for the iniquitous scheme they suggested ; you, madam, know the success that attended it. But the approach of death presented his guilt in all its horrors. He is no more. May all his faults be buried with him ! I hope his repentance was sincere.

BY this unexpected event, I am once more in possession of my estate, and can yet repay the gift of my generous benefactress, though not the obligation ;—for that, I must still continue her debtor ; but for this, my honour, my pride, would ever, had you not interested yourself in the affair, have prevented my making her an offer of my hand.

AND can I now—I lay down my pen. Let me once more peruse your dear letter.—Yes, I must, I will.—Indiana, you have conquered. Adieu! a last adieu! thou dear, hopeless, long-cherished passion!—Alas! when you are gone, what a void remains?

AND can I part with you, sweet cherisher of my soothing melancholy?—For Heaven's sake, madam, let not your friend see this incoherent scroll.—What do I say?—Ah! rather tell her all my weakness; honour forbids me to deceive her. If, after this discovery of my heart, she will deign—I cannot add the rest.

FAREWELL, lovely Indiana!—What shall I subscribe myself? Friend is too cool a name; but you forbid me to be yours in any other sense.

Adieu!

CHARLES MANLY.

L E T.



## LETTER XV.

To Miss DANBY.

THE day is our own, child. Miss has been wrote to. You have by this time, no doubt, seen the *loveyer-like* epistle.—O what pretty palpitations and flutterations would it cause in the love-sick fair damsel!

WHY was I not with you when the said damsel with a faltering voice read it to you; and then, with all imaginable gravity, asked your advice? though, like most people who pay their friends that compliment, firmly determined to follow her own inclinations. I should have enjoyed such a scene of all things in life.

GIVE her a hint to be quick in her motions. You will think, perhaps, there is no need of that: and so should I too, from the knowledge of her ladyship, did I not recollect how fond you misses are of trifling and parade.

VERY true, child. Women, you know, to one another may own their foibles; though a male creature ought not with impunity to be suffered so much as to whisper to himself that we are capable of the least imperfection.

HASTEN her answer, I say; for our poor Manly is a little upon the waver. He paid me a visit this morning; his good fortune had raised my spirits to an uncommon pitch.—No need of foreign helps, you will perhaps say; nature has been liberal enough in that respect.—He, on the contrary, was in a very plaintive mood, and uttered sighs of such an enormous length, that they have doubtless reached you by this time, for they were all directed to your mansion.

I LAUGHED,

I LAUGHED, and was not sparing of my rail-  
lery. He bore it, honest man—(how, indeed,  
could he help it?) with Christian patience; but  
still he sighed; and still the burthen of each sigh  
was—“Ah! the adorable Indiana! how shall I  
“tear her lovely image from my heart!”

HE proposes setting off immediately, to pay  
his personal respects to the fair one, if her answer  
is propitious to his, or, I should more truly say,  
to her wishes.

“I WOULD to Heaven the affair was over,”  
cried he, a little peevishly, “since it must be  
“so.” I smiled at this folly of impatience. Be-  
vill joined us, and, to humour his friend, gave  
a more serious turn to the conversation. In the  
end, they almost talked me into the vapours;  
upon which I thought it high time to make my  
exit.

I LEFT them to a sober tête à tête, while I  
made a few flying visits; one was to lady Caro-  
line; her dear lord G— was with her. I fancy  
she would gladly have dispensed with my presence;  
for she had a violent cold, was muffled up, and  
looked most *horriblement laide*.

I AM tempted to believe the comparison her  
swain, who eyed me with no small attention, made  
between us, was not greatly in her favour; this  
determined me to mortify her, by prolonging my  
visit. Nor did I fail to display all my graces;  
while she, taking advantage of her indisposition,  
and not finding herself in spirits, affected the  
most ridiculous, languishing, dying airs, that ever  
affectation practised; reclined in a negligent  
posture on the settee, displayed her white hand,  
and every moment applying it to her breast when  
a cough was aimed at.

THEN

THEN her Abigail was summoned.—“My  
“ salts, Warner,” in a faint voice.—They were  
administered, but to little effect ; for the particu-  
lar notice lord G—— took of my ladyship, soon  
made their assistance really necessary.

HE had seated himself near me, and almost  
stunned me with compliments. The poor woman  
fretted herself into a fever ; she could hardly be  
commonly civil ; but I was determined to be  
amazingly so ; and therefore could not find in my  
heart to deprive them of my entertaining com-  
pany, though several pretty broad hints were  
dropped, which out of my superabundant politesse  
were suffered to pass unnoticed.

AT last she had nothing left for it, but to com-  
plain of a violent head-ach ; said her nerves were  
so weak, that the least noise in the world discom-  
posed her.

“ You are vapourish, my dear,” cried I.—  
“ You must not be suffered to indulge them.  
“ You should not be a moment alone. Com-  
pany is the best remedy in nature for your  
“ complaint.”

“ You are perfectly in the right,” returned  
lord G——. “ Your spirited conversation in  
“ particular, cannot fail to put the spleen, and  
“ all its horrid train, to flight. Let me perish,  
“ madam, if you have not more wit than half  
“ your sex.”

LADY Caroline bit her lips.—She gave him  
such a look !—“ In *your* opinion, Sir, you should  
“ have said,” with a toss of her head.

“ BE it so, madam ; but I have the happi-  
“ ness to know this opinion is sufficiently coun-  
“ tenanced by every mortal who has the least  
“ taste. The reputation of Mrs. Bevill’s wit is  
“ too firmly established.”

“ LORD,

"**LORD!** Sir," cried her ladyship, peevishly, "who was disputing it? I am not in the least inclined to enter into an argument with you on the subject. You may both be amazingly witty, for aught I either know or care."

He winked at me. "Well, do not discompose yourself," said he, smiling, and attempting to take her hand: "let me perish, if I have any patience with this vile cold. It would, were such a thing possible, sour one of the sweetest tempers in the world: such I have ever esteemed your ladyship's.—And yet, in some respects, you are indebted to it. It is that which gives to your air this seducing softness, that bewitching languor to your fine eyes, that delicacy to your features."

"**WHAT** say you, Mrs. Bevill? Did you ever see your fair friend look more lovely? —Your charming sex conquer us a thousand ways. In health and spirits you command us to love; and when indisposed, you gently insinuate yourselves into our hearts by your softness."

He paused—nor was there occasion to add more. His flattery had already produced the desired effect: the fair hand was no longer withdrawn; and smiles of complacency took possession of her ladyship's late gloomy countenance.

"You are a strange creature," cried she, affectedly tapping him on the shoulder. "But do you really think I look tolerable, Mrs. Bevill?" turning to me. "Though really to be in perfect health has something so robust in it—that, upon my word,—yet you, I think, are seldom indisposed. Ah! it is a misfortune to be of too delicate a frame.—"

"One

" One suffers severely for the admiration it procures one.

" You have lately been in the country, Mrs. Bevill ; I think they told me so. Indeed, one might guess it by your looks," continued she, eyeing me with no very placid attention. " I hate the country ; it gives one such a milk-maid bloom, and that is so hideously unfashionable !"

" WHY it must be owned," said I, smiling, " a native bloom is not quite so convenient as that of a fine lady, which can be put on and off at pleasure."

" IN that, rouge has certainly the advantage," said lord G——. " But though our polite neighbours have pretty well succeeded in frenchifying our outward appearance, the inward man is still downright English. Nor shall we ever, I fear, be brought cordially to prefer the artificial complexion to the natural."

" OH, custom will in time reconcile you to it," returned I ; " for custom is a second nature : only I think it may come to be an additional expence to husbands, if the present mode continues ; for we may, in a few years, perhaps, adopt the Spanish fashion, and to the article of pin-money add that of paint, in our marriage settlements."

" You may be as satirical as you please," cried lady Caroline, " on the present age and present mode ; but I insist upon it, the beau monde never arrived at such a pitch of elegance as in our days.

" HEAVENS ! it absolutely puts me in the horrors to think what spiritless dowdies our predecessors were ; they had not the least idea of

" the



“ the bon ton. I expire at the thoughts of them!—Poor insipid souls! thank my stars, I was not born last century.”

“ AND I thank my stars too, that you was not,” said lord G—, laughing, “ or I should not have been dignified with the honour of being your ladyship’s slave.”

I AROSE—He hurried to me: “ You are not going, Mrs. Bevill! By my soul, you must not leave us.—I positively cannot part with you yet.—Thus,” taking my hand, “ I seize my fair captive for a few happy moments longer at least.”

“ You are a strange teizing wretch,” cried lady Caroline, frowning; “ I flatter myself, Mrs. Bevill would not stand on ceremony with me, if she could no longer oblige me with her company. I hope she is convinced no one can be more sensible of the favour.”

I STRUGGLED to disengage my hand.—“ And will you go,” sighed he, “ charming creature?” in a whisper, “ I need not bid you stay to compleat your conquest; that, alas! is sufficiently secured already.”

HE led me to my chair.—I was a good deal diverted with my visit; to which, however, I have not, in my description, been able to do justice.

ON my return, Mr. Bevill told me the colonel had besought us to oblige him with our company at \* \* \* \*, if his proposals are accepted, to be witness to the sacrifice he makes to gratitude.

“ THE fair Indiana too,” said he, sighing, “ must be present. It will, perhaps, be the last time I dare trust myself in her presence.—But as she is Miss Boothby’s friend, it would look  
“ particular,

“ particular, were she not on that occasion to  
“ honour me with it.”

It is therefore agreed, that Bevill and your Clara are to set out for the Grove as soon as every thing is settled for the solemnization of the nuptials. Here are two pompous words for you.—Dear creature, for my sake hurry on the affair as fast as possible. O how I long once more to embrace my sweet friend !

ADIEU ! I am going to write to Fanny : her destiny is irrevocably fixed ; more is the pity.—But you, who are going to be witness to the pomps and vanity of a wedding, will, I hope, in time be tempted to follow the bright example.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

## LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. BEVILL.

EVERY thing is settled. My dear Clara, hasten your journey. Miss Boothby is all joy at the prospect of her approaching happiness. The colonel has been here this fortnight—Do not mistake me—not at the Grove.—He has taken up his abode at an inn. You may believe Mrs. Beverly made him an offer of her house, but he prudently declined it.

I HAVE seen him but once since his arrival, and that was in the midst of a large company. He seemed in tolerable spirits. We had no particular conversation—indeed I took pains to avoid it.

HE is daily at Miss Boothby's; and by what she tells me of his behaviour, I have reason to hope he will give his hand without reluctance.

IT is scarce possible, intimate as they now are, that he should continue insensible of her merit. She is an engaging, amiable girl, and has my most fervent wishes for her happiness.

MAMMA and Mrs. Beverly cannot help dropping a hint now-and-then, that they would have been more pleased, had the preparations that are making been on another person's account.

Mr. BRATHWAIT speaks out, without mincing the matter:—he took my hand this morning; “I caution you not to stand too near me on an approaching occasion,” said he, smiling, “lest I should be tempted to join this fair hand to the worthy bridegroom's, instead of your  
“friend's.”

friend's.—Oh! Miss Danby, Miss Danby," added he, "you have, by an unjustifiable obstinacy, of which I did not think you capable, lost such a man! never will you meet with his equal."

MAMMA sighed.—Mrs. Beverly forced a smile—While I thought it best to make my escape, dreading the continuance of a subject which now cannot be very pleasing to any of us. Would he were fairly married and happy! I think I should then be perfectly at ease.

HEIGH-HO! There is a weight upon my spirits which I cannot account for—But you are coming, dear soother of my cares. Oh! hasten your journey.—I am restless and disquieted—No repentance, Clara—but a sort of languor has lately taken possession of me.

THERE is now such an insipid sameness in my life—no hopes, no fears. Every returning day glides on like the former without the least change.—The soul is an active principle.

I REMEMBER Voltaire, in his *Candide*, makes it a question, whether even the greatest misfortunes are not to be preferred to a dead inactive calm?

BUT I will not enlarge on this subject; your conversation is ever new, ever agreeable. I cannot want variety, while I enjoy that; and am I not promised this happiness in a few days?

No more complaints then—Come, and by your presence dispel the melancholy of

Your ever affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T-

## LETTER XVII.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

**I** MUST be very minute, you say.—You furnish ladies, with all your gravity, have no aversion, I find, to a certain subject. Your vow does not extend quite so far as to debar you of that trifling consolation—Poor fettered souls as you are.

WELL then, child, to oblige you, I take up a bran-new pen, place half a quire of paper on my desk, and here it goes, without anticipation—Prepare, however, to hear wonders.

STAY, where shall I begin?—"With the "happy pair, to be sure," you cry—Be it so.

ABOUT ten yesterday—let that auspicious day be ever blessed; no mourning, no misfortunes, happen on it,—Indiana, dressed like an angel, in flowing robes of white lustring, her charming light-brown hair fastened carelessly with a diamond comb: no other ornaments on her head. What need of ornaments, where nature has exhausted all its beauties to render that head, inside and out, the standard of perfection? She, I say, as bride-maid (ah! why was she not the bride?) and Miss Cartwright, a pretty delicate little girl, ditto—the marchioness and your Clara, set off for Miss Boothby's; Mrs. Beverly, Bevill, &c. &c. followed.

THE bride received us with smiles that spoke her heart-felt joy, dressed out as brides are wont (silly souls!) on the like occasions: and upon my word she is a fine woman, take her all in all.

IN



IN a few moments enters the bridegroom, graceful, easy, and elegant.—You may believe he was honoured with no small share of my attention.—He paid his respects to his intended, and the rest of the company, with his usual politeness. Indiana curtsy'd low—He bowed—changed colour, rammed down a sigh that was attempting to make its escape through his white teeth, and turned reluctantly from an object too lovely for his peace.

WE seated ourselves at the breakfast-table. The colonel took a dish of chocolate, but stood leaning on Mi's Boothby's chair, who sat exactly opposite to our Indiana. You may judge whether his eyes at least were not feasted. The fair one was a little disconcerted—She fixed hers on the silver tea-board, which, to say truth, was of curious workmanship.

OUR slight repast over, we again resumed our carriages, and with no small parade flourished away to church, where honest Mr. Brathwait waited to tie the Gordian knot.

I WAS in some pain for poor Manly; during the ceremony his emotions were visible—It was well for him that his helpmate was too much engrossed by her own to observe his;—it must be owned it was a severe trial, to give his hand to another in presence of her who has so long possessed his heart.

INDIANA was not perfectly at ease—Whether it was the solemnity of the ceremony, or from what other cause, I know not, but I observed a pearly drop stealing down her lovely cheeks.—Never did her charms shine forth with so much lustre,—her graceful form, the winning sweetness of her looks—But why should I attempt to

to describe her to you, who know her so well—and to know is to admire.

FROM church we returned to Miss Boothby's—Mrs. Manly's, I should say.—Her aunt (I forgot to mention the honest soul before) ushered us into a splendid drawing-room; while the bride, taking Indiana by the hand, retired for a few moments to her apartment.

THE colonel drew me to a window.—“It is past, Madam,” said he, sighing.—“Your lovely cruel friend is satisfied—I have obeyed her commands.—Good heavens” added he, “what a sacrifice have I made—Is it possible! Is she then lost to me for ever!”

HE hurried from me to hide his emotions. I was affected; but I hope there is some truth in that notable old saying, which my good mamma used formerly to quote so often to her giddy daughter, when I objected to any of my humble servants because I was not in love with them—“Marry first, child, and love will come after.” Pray heaven it may be verified in the dear Manly!

THE entertainment—What shall I say of the entertainment? I fear it may be a dangerous subject to enlarge upon, to you poor fasting and mortifying damsels. It was magnificent, superb, and, to sum up all its merits in one word, might have gratified the taste of an epicure. A grand concert of music, the gardens finely illuminated, into which the company strolled in separate parties, after the entertainment.

INDIANA took me by the arm, and we chose one of the most private walks there, without interruption, to talk over the occurrences of the day.

WE

WE were deeply engaged in conversation, when hearing a rustling among the leaves in a little wood which we had just quitted, we hastily turned round. What was my surprise at that instant, when I beheld Mr. Beverly, who sprung forward, and cast himself at the feet of our friend. She shrieked, and fell senseless into my arms. He arose, and snatched her to his breast, "My life, my soul, my Indiana! Ah! do I once more press thee to my fond heart! Never, never more shall those hearts which were formed for each other be separated."

I WAS by this time a little recovered from the amazement into which his sudden and unexpected appearance had thrown me. I observed his cloaths were bloody, and his countenance pale as death.—"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, "what is the matter, Mr. Beverly? How could you frighten us so?"

"I CANNOT answer you now, my dear Mrs. Bevill; my whole attention is fixed on this dear angel. Oh! help me to recover her. My Indiana," continued he, tenderly pressing his lips to her pale cheeks, "answer me, my love, it is thy Beverly calls; look up, angelic sweetness."

SHE opened her eyes, and for a moment reclined her head on his shoulder, but almost instantly recollecting herself, she shrunk from his embraces; but could not escape from his clasping arms. "Leave me, Sir," cried she, in a faint voice. "Think not I will tamely permit these freedoms."

HE quitted her. "You are free, Madam," said he, sighing; "and my death, of which you will perhaps in a few moments be a witness, I trust will in some measure atone for my presumption."

HE

HE spoke with a faltering voice, and staggered with some difficulty to a seat, which was at some distance.

I HASTILY followed: "For heaven's sake," said I, "Mr. Beverly, tell me what is the matter; you are wounded."

"I AM, Madam," said he faintly;—"and I hope mortally."

I SCREAMED for assistance.—Indiana was greatly affected at the condition she saw him in. "O Clara," exclaimed she, "what shall we do? he is indeed dying."

AT that moment my cries brought some of the company to us. Unfortunately, Mrs. Beverly was the first that joined us. She instantly knew her son.—She ran, she flew to embrace him: but seeing his cloaths bloody, and himself more dead than alive, she uttered a deep sigh, sunk down by him on the seat, where she continued some time, happily insensible of her misfortunes.

THE rest of the company were by this time assembled, and proper remedies applied for their recovery. Nothing could equal the grief of that unfortunate and affectionate parent to see her son, after so long an absence, restored to her only with the melancholy prospect of losing him again, and that for ever.

IN the most moving manner he besought her pardon for his faults, and no less movingly endeavoured to sooth her into composure. He desired to be carried to the Grove: Mrs. Beverly accompanied him; and the Marchioness, Indiana, Beville and I, bidding the colonel and his lady adieu, instantly followed. A surgeon was immediately sent for; his wounds were dressed, and

declared

declar  
morta

TH  
leave  
joyed  
in her  
the fa  
did no  
no long  
her on  
which  
that he

WE  
how he  
recoll  
home,  
us, I i  
our que  
week si  
he had  
some di  
not his p  
would i  
per. A  
that he  
horses in  
master  
ill they  
his hono  
all he re  
last h  
nd his c  
is serva  
im:—"for th  
tance  
his wo  
VOL.

declared to be dangerous, though they hoped not mortal.

THERE was no persuading Mrs. Beverly to leave her son. You may believe none of us enjoyed much rest. I spent the night with Indiana in her apartment. We could talk of nothing but the fatal accident. I am convinced our fair friend did not know her own heart, when she declared it no longer felt the least remains of tenderness for her once loved Beverly. Her grief, her anxiety, which she could not conceal, is a convincing proof that he is still dear to her,

WE were in the utmost impatience to know how he had met with the misfortune. When I recollected I had seen his servant, on our return home, who might, perhaps, be able to inform us, I immediately sent for him. In answer to our questions, he told us, that it was about a week since his master arrived from Paris; that he had seen his lady; but he feared there was some disagreement between them, though it was not his place to talk of these matters; his honour would inform us about that, if he thought it proper. And as to the duel, he knew no more than that he was last night ordered to have his honour's horses in readiness early this morning; that his master rode out before six o'clock, he attending, till they got about five miles from town; when his honour dismounted, and bid him wait there till he returned. He did so a considerable time; but last his master came back, his cloaths bloody, and his drawn sword in his hand; but on seeing his servant, he recollecting himself tossed it from him.—“Go,” said he, “get immediate assistance for the gentleman you will find at some distance; stay with him till they have bound up his wounds—then, as fast as possible follow me

VOL. III. D “to



"to the Grove—You need not go far for help," continued he, "a surgeon may be got in the neighbouring town." So saying, he mounted his horse, and rode off full gallop. I went immediately to the place directed, taking a gentleman with me, whom I instantly procured. The gentleman scarce shewed any signs of life.—On examining his wounds they were declared mortal.—He was carried to \* \* \* where leaving him, I followed his honour as he had commanded. They told me he arrived about an hour before me; but, on being informed the ladies were at Miss Boothby's, he instantly set off for her house.

THIS, my dear Fanny, is the substance of what Frederick told us; and from this I am half persuaded lord G—— was his antagonist.

AH! a message from Mr. Beverly.—They tell me he is better. Pray heaven I may find him so!—I am going to his apartment; he begs to see me.—Adieu!

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L-E-T

## LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

**E**VEN so; lord G——, as I guessed, is the man, and that vile lady Caroline the cause of this mischief, and more that may yet follow.

BUT take a part of the conversation I have just had with Beverly.—I found on entering his apartment he had dismissed his attendant: Mrs. Beverly too had at last yielded to his persuasions, and retired (if possible in the situation her mind was in) to take some rest.

“Do not keep that awful distance,” cried he, smiling, and drawing back the curtain; “in the condition I am in, Bevill has no cause to be jealous of your honouring me with a visit in my bedchamber.—Ah! Mrs. Bevill, you see to what a woful state matrimony has reduced the once gay Beverly.”

“POOR matrimony,” answered I, “never found any great favour from you.”

“AND yet,” returned he, “it has bestowed not a few on me. I am at last dubbed a compleat husband.”

“EXPLAIN,” cried I, seating myself by him.

“No,” said he, taking my hand, “that might not perhaps be quite so proper; but rather tell me what is of far more importance, how is my Indiana?—Ah! my charming Clara, let me still call you so—tell me, is she concerned at my illness? Does she pity her Beverly?”

“STRANGE creature! have you forgot your help-mate all this time?”

“LADY Caroline, do you mean?” answered he.—“You know lady Caroline;—all the world knows lady Caroline;—and hark” (in a whisper)—“I know her to be an infamous——but mum! for the sake of my own honour: her’s she never regarded a pinch of snuff.—Ah! Clara, couldst thou ever have conceived it possible, that I, the gallant, the admired—excuse this boast—it is but the dregs of my expiring vanity—I am humbled with a vengeance——But could you, I say, ever have believed this Beverly was formed to be a tame cypher of a husband?—No; I wrong myself; not tame—the villain has severely felt the effect of my just revenge: his blood has wiped off the stain from my injured honour.”

“AND do you consider the dreadful consequence,” said I, “that may attend your fatal rashness?”

“WHY,” cried the gay wretch, “if I must swing, I scorn, I scorn, to wince or whine.—But to be serious,” continued he, “these affairs of honour are always treated with indulgence.—But for the affliction it has caused my kind, my affectionate mother, I should not in the least regret what I have done; and yet she knows not the worst neither; for I have persuaded her my antagonist has only received a slight wound.—Dear, amiable woman! Could she believe my just vengeance would be so easily satisfied?”

“STRANGE creature,” said I; “is it thus you atone for your crime? Penitence would  
“better

"better become you in the condition to which you are reduced."

"SWEET preacher!" returned he; "did you expect me to turn hypocrite so suddenly?—No, my dear Clara; that at least is not amongst the catalogue of my sins."

"THAT catalogue," said I, "is already so crowded, that you would hardly find room to squeeze it in.—But pray, what do you propose to do? you have taken no precautions to conceal yourself: and should the poor man die"—

"WHY then there is an end of him," interrupted he.—"But I will tell you what I intend to do—as soon as I am in a condition to travel I will take another tour."

"BUT in the mean time," said I, "what if the man should die, and you not be sufficiently recovered to make your escape?"

"WHY then, my dear Clara, I must be taken, I think," replied he, carelessly; "nor do I fear to stand a trial. Injuries like mine will justify what I have done."

"IN the world's opinion they may," said I; "but neither in the sight of heaven or justice, will that plea avail. Seriously, Beverly, my advice is, that you should be immediately removed to some place of safety.—I think, notwithstanding what the surgeons say, there is no great danger to be apprehended from your wounds. Shall I send Bevill to you, that with him you may consult on what is proper to be done? For Mrs. Beverly's sake, take my advice."

"ADD, too, for my Indiana's sake," cried he. "Ah! say but she is anxious for my safety, and

"I shall then set some value on this (without her favour) worthless life."

"CLARA, my dear Clara," continued he, "I besought your presence only that I might talk of that lovely maid. We have already wasted too much time on trifles."

"Do not be ridiculous, Beverly," said I; "why should you talk of her?—She can be no thing to you."

"NOTHING to me!" interrupted he, with fervor: "by heavens she is my all, my joy, my pride, and shall be mine in every sense. I tell you, Mrs. Bevill, I would not live, were it not for that dear flattering hope."

"FLATTERING, indeed," returned I.

"AND why flattering, unkind Clara? A divorce is now in my power, thanks to my torment: that one piece of service she has done me, as some atonement for her faults."

"AND do you imagine," said I, with some disdain, "that Indiana"—

"SPARE me, Mrs. Bevill," interrupted he; "I cannot bear that scornful air—I know I have faults;—but who so likely to reclaim me, as that angelick creature? And will not charity, if no other motive, induce her for my soul's sake to have some compassion on her so fond, so constant adorer?"

"CONSTANT!" repeated I.

"AH! Clara, recollect not my cursed infatuation. I know myself absolutely unworthy of her, though greatly am I changed from what I was."

"I WISH I could see any symptoms of it," said I, smiling.

"DEAR, satirical, uncharitable Clara! but my future life shall convince you, incredulous

"as



"as you are, that I have bid adieu to all my follies. Oh! could I but call the charming Indiana mine, I would bid defiance to vice, even in an angel's form."

"It is time enough to talk of these matters," interrupted I;—"your flight at present is the one thing needful."

"By heavens!" exclaimed he, "if I must fly, I will not be unaccompanied in my flight. Take care I do not even run away with you; for I swear I am never so much myself as when in your dear company. My Indiana and you are the sovereigns of my heart—it is shut to all others;—but to you it overflows, and utters its sentiments with freedom."

"STRANGE wild creature," cried I; "will no misfortunes tame you?"

"No," answered he; "if a marriage like mine, the greatest of all misfortunes, could not, I think I have room to hope for that reformation."

THE surgeons entered while he spoke; on which I made my exit, and went in search of Beville, to consult what was proper to be done. I found him in the garden, accompanied by our friend, when I related the conversation I had had with Beverly. He was entirely of my opinion, that it was necessary he should be removed to some place of safety, till we knew the fate of lord G——.

"OH! for heaven's sake," cried Indiana, eagerly—She stopped and blushed.

"FOR heaven's sake, what?" said I, smiling, and taking her hand.

"I PITY the poor man," resumed she, with some confusion; "for my dear Mrs. Beverly's sake I am anxious for his safety."

"AND for no other body's sake," whispered I, with an arch smile.

"FIE! Clara," peevishly.

"O INDIANA, Indiana!" still whispering, "you have no talent for hypocrisy."

BEVILL left us to visit the sick man. I then more freely rallied our friend on her emotions — She was vexed, and turned from me to another walk in high displeasure. — The dear creature! she is not yet reconciled to me. I must now go and endeavour to make my peace. — Adieu!

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

I. E. T.

## L E T T E R   X I X .

To the Same.

**W**HAT a wild ungovernable creature is this Beverly!—There was no persuading him to leave the Grove till he had seen Indiana; and she as peremptorily refused his request.—Very well; then he would stay where he was, let what would be the consequence.

“SHE hates me,” cried he.—“Of what value now is this worthless life?”

AGAIN I returned to her, and renewed my entreaties—“For Mrs. Beverly’s sake, dear Indiana”——

“AND for nobody else’s sake?” interrupted she, haughtily.

“DEAR creature,” said I, “is this a time for trifling?”

“No, Clara, I am serious: I know what becomes me, and will not yield to his unreasonable caprice.”

“BUT to your friends,” returned I; “have they too lost their influence?”—I took her reluctant hand.

“AH!” cried she, weeping, “I am very unfortunate. You unkindly accuse me of a weakness, which, if I know my heart—but what if it were so? Should I not rather have excited your pity, than cruel raillery?”

“FORGIVE me, my loved Indiana; I acknowledge my fault: but have you then forgot to be indulgent to your Clara’s foibles?”—I flung my arms round her neck.

“AH! my dear friend,” cried she, returning my embrace; “pardon my petulance;—take me;—do with me what you think proper.”

“COME then,” said I, “and bid perhaps a last adieu to the poor wretch who adores you.”

I LED her to his apartment. Mrs. Beverly, the marchioness, and Bevill were there. Indiana, with an air of cold reserve, congratulated him on the prospect of his recovery.

HE arose; and respectfully taking her hand—  
 “A thousand thanks for this obliging condescension.—Yet, ah! my lovely cousin, why was the favour granted with such reluctance? as a relation, at least,” said he smiling, “I think I might have been honoured with”——

“As such,” interrupted she, more graciously, “I am concerned for your misfortunes—but what good can my presence, so earnestly insisted on, do you?”

“HEAVENS! what good?” exclaimed he; “your dear presence has restored me to life. O Indiana,” continued he, in a low voice, tenderly pressing her hand between his—“tell me but, you do not hate me, and I am satisfied.”

“WHY should you suppose I do?” returned she, casting down her eyes—“You were once my friend—be still so; in that character I earnestly entreat you to be careful of your safety. Why is your journey delayed? See the anxiety of your most amiable mother.—Go, Sir; and may heaven be your protector; and by this misfortune, in which your fatal rashness has involved you, teach you more discretion for the future.”

SHE withdrew her hand; and curtsying, was going to retire, but he prevented her.

“A FEW moments longer, dear, lovely”——

“THE

"THE chaise has been waiting this hour," interrupted Bevill, taking him by the arm. "You do not consider the danger of this unnecessary delay.—Come, my friend, it is high time you were gone."

HE struggled to disengage himself. "Indiana, my dear Indiana, one word more, and I have done."

Mrs. Beverly arose, and pressing him in her arms, "Let me entreat you, my dear son," cried she, with emotion.

"ENOUGH, madam," said he, "I am all obedience."

AWAY they went; Bevill accompanied him to the place of their retreat, his own servant only, in whose fidelity he could confide, attending the chaise, which is a hired one, and is to stop at some distance from the place to which they are going.—Heaven knows how this unhappy affair may end.

THE amiable colonel Manly is greatly concerned on Mrs. Beverly's account. He was here yesterday. "I come to pay a visit of condolence," said he. "Where is Mrs. Beverly?—your lovely friend, too?—Ah! Madam, I dare not trust myself in her presence, but the rest of the family"——

"I UNDERSTAND you, sir," returned I; "the Marchioness and Mrs. Beverly will attend you; excuse me for a moment; I will return instantly."

I HURRIED to Indiana, and cautioned her not to make her appearance.

As I live, the bride! I hasten to pay my respects to her.—Adieu.



## IN CONTINUATION.

SHE came to take leave; the colonel and she set off to-morrow morning for his estate in Berkshire. It is a prudent resolution. The air of this place is not good for him—His fair spouse is most amazingly happy—so perfectly satisfied with her change of condition, it is her dear Manly at every word.

I COULD have found in my heart to have given the reins to rallery; but the presence of Indiana checked my pleasantry. I knew I might lay my account with being chid, had I not spared her friend. A few satirical strokes, however, did escape me, in spite of all my care.

THERE is something so surfeiting in the behaviour of some new married souls, that they richly deserve to be laughed out of their folly. This same bride was always a tender-hearted creature; yet in other respects, it must be owned, she is a good, sensible, and, upon the whole, an amiable woman.

SHE made, I assure you, no small figure this morning, and looked handsomer than usual; and, take her all in all, our friend has no reason to repent his bargain.

BEFORE the last adieu, Indiana and she had a private *tête à tête*—Lord knows what was the subject; but I suppose matrimony had a share in it.

ADIEU, child. I promised to accompany Mrs. Beverly in an airing; the carriage is at the gate—How I pity the unfortunate mother! I shall omit no endeavours to raise her dejected spirits.

Once more adieu!

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

## L E T T E R   X X .

To the Same.

**T**HE heavy hour is approaching, in which I must bid adieu to my friend.—O Fanny! how momentary are our pleasures! I cannot bear the thoughts of leaving this dear creature; yet I must: business demands Mr. Bevill's presence in town.—My dear Billy too—the little prattling cherub—it is an age since I saw him—well then, since it must be so,—adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

OH, I must tell you a droll enough instance of the sly Manly's contrivance. His deary, on taking leave of our friend, made her a present of her picture finely set in diamonds: her dear colonel, she said, had ordered an eminent painter from London on purpose, some weeks ago, when she hinted a wish of presenting it to Indiana. We were this morning examining the said picture. My curiosity satisfied, I was about returning it to my friend; when chance directed my eyes to a secret spring, which the moment I touched, up flew Mrs. Manly, and to our no small amazement gave place to her lord and master drawn to the life.

I BURST into a loud laugh. “Those whom heaven has joined, let no man put asunder,” cried I.

“I CANNOT join in your pleasantry,” said Indiana, gravely. “I think the colonel is greatly to blame.”

“AND I, on the contrary,” returned I, “adore him for his contrivance. But the most diverting circumstance is his having employed  
“his

“ his help-mate on such an occasion. Little did  
 “ the honest soul suspect what a present she was  
 “ making. I will take my death (as lady Caro-  
 “ line says) it was a most joyous scheme—Scrup-  
 “ not to keep the shadow, child; she is abun-  
 “ dantly satisfied in being possessed of the sub-  
 “ stance.—She has his body; you his mind.  
 “ Which has the better bargain?—Let her an-  
 “ swer the question.”

“ DEAR Clara!” frowning; “ how can you  
 “ give way to this levity!”

“ I WILL tell you how, my dear,” laughing;  
 “ because I find it impossible to help it on so di-  
 “ verting an occasion. Shall I hide this naughty  
 “ man from your sight?” continued I, looking  
 at the picture. “ No; honour it with one  
 “ glance more before I veil its brightness. It is  
 “ an inimitable likeness. His hair, his eyes,  
 “ and that gentle air of melancholy, of which a  
 “ certain fair one is the cause.”

“ VERY well, Clara! go on! I wish Mr. Be-  
 “ vill would serve you so! you would not, I fan-  
 “ cy think, the adventure quite so entertaining.”

“ LITTLE fear of that, child. The honest  
 “ man has no genius for affairs of this nature;  
 “ and if he had served me so, I think in consci-  
 “ ence I could have forgiven him for such a proof  
 “ of his wit.”

“ AH! my dear, it is easy talking,” said In-  
 “ diana; “ but had you been punished with one of  
 “ those witty husbands you affect to be so fond  
 “ of, believe me yours would long since have de-  
 “ serted you. Be thankful that you have a man  
 “ who encourages your vivacity, and gives you  
 “ no cause to exchange it for sadness—what if  
 “ you had been cursed with a roving inconstant  
 “ Beverly?”

“ WHAT?”

"WHAT?" cried I, laughing;—"why then, child, he should either have broke my heart, or I his, an age ago. But it is as well as it is, I believe. I have no objections to the honest soul my help-mate."

"HONEST soul, Clara! I do not like that expression."

"No? pray now what exception can you make to it? You forget, my dear, that an honest man is the noblest work of God."

"TRUE, Clara; and remember that wit is a feather."

"NEVER fear, child; I have long since been convinced, that vain is the pride of human wit, that shadow of a shade."

"BUT here; take your shadow of a substance: let his wife be a covering to his eyes, to speak in the scripture language: and may a certain person be a covering to your heart, to guard it against its wicked attractions."

ADIEU, my dear Fanny; I am summoned to dinner; honest Mr. Brathwait is our guest. O all ye powers of eloquence, assist our just cause.

Yours ever,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-

## LETTER XXI.

To Miss INDIANA DANBY.

London.

A SLIGHT indisposition—do not be alarmed, my dear Indiana. They would not suffer me to write before—I am well—and going to chat with my sweet friend.

Joy to my dear Mrs. Beverly—lord G—is out of danger—the fugitive may return with safety, as to his person I mean. For his heart—but you do not like the subject—no more of it then.

POOR deserted forlorn lady Caroline!—I could almost find in my heart to pity her, spite of all her faults, forsaken as she is by the whole world, left a prey to her melancholy reflections. If it would not look like an insult, I could absolutely stretch my charity so far as to pay her a visit of condolence. We are generally pretty liberal of our pity.

A DIVORCE is whispered (as a violent secret, however) at every tea-table in town. Her intrigue with lord G—is decorated with all the aggravating circumstances the tongue of slander can give it. Every body condemns her. Beverly comes off with flying colours—so handsome a man! cries one female: so brave! another: so gallant! a third: so witty! a fourth:—“so, so every thing, and so inconstant,” archly adds my ladyship, when I can squeeze in a word.

O! as to that, every body has their foibles: perfection is not to be expected: there was not the least shadow of excuse for the vile creature; she was a scandal to her sex: their hearts swelled with indignation at the very thoughts of her.

“BUT



"BUT had we not better moderate our resentment," humbly offer I, "till we have more convincing proofs of her guilt? her imprudence no body can doubt. Yet—"

I AM interrupted by an hundred tongues at once, with a "fie! Mrs. Bevill, would any virtuous woman defend such a wretch?"

"I DO not know what the virtuous would do," says my ladyship; "but I am sure the charitable would (if they could not defend) at least be silent."

"CHARITABLE!" is repeated with a titter, and a general whisper goes round; while your friend, not in the least disconcerted, plays her fan with the utmost composure.

O THIS vile propensity to scandal, too justly charged on our sex! Silly souls as we are, to give up our own cause! The other are apt enough to think meanly of us! we ought for our own sakes to defend one another against the enemy. But envy, that foul fiend, has such influence over the female heart, that we stop at nothing to gratify it.

ENOUGH of lady Caroline.—Let us talk a little of Beverly. Nay, pray give me leave—he is, I suppose, by this time returned to the Grove—He boasted to me of his reformation—what think *you* of him? Is it only a boast?

I AM told by a gentleman, who knew him abroad, that he actually for some months past led a very regular life, had dismissed his inamorata—dropped his profligate acquaintance, and assiduously cultivated that of sensible men.

EVERY body was, it seems, surprised at this change in his conduct. The ladies in particular were alarmed—they looked upon him as their property, and spared no pains to draw him again  
into

into dissipation and intrigue, but he resisted all their arts.

ONE of his friends, smiling, congratulated him on his reformation. "O!" said he, "gayly, it is high time to turn over a new leaf. The first part of my history is folly; I must endeavour to give a dash of wisdom to the last, were it but for the sake of variety; it will never be saleable else."

My informer adds, that he was universally admired for his wit and humour. The graces of his person and manner cast such a veil over his vices, and so advantageously set off his few good qualities, that even the virtuous regarded them in the charitable light of youthful foibles and indiscretion, of which experience, and the good sense he is master of, will in time get the better.

Now, my dear, think not I am pleading with you in his favour. No; I think, were even this threatened divorce to take place, you cannot, ought not, to be his—I have no idea of such a marriage; and I am convinced it would wound your delicacy, if not your conscience. Such a union may be lawful; but I cannot think my Indiana would ever be brought to give her consent, were the character of the man—which is far from being the case, absolutely unexceptionable. But I know Beverly's hopes are beginning to revive with the prospect of that event.

I know you will be persecuted; though I think neither the marchioness nor his mother will join in his cause. All I fear is his ungovernable passion. You know the wicked plot he once laid for you, and from which you were so providentially delivered. Forgive me, my dear; I may be raising groundless apprehensions. He is a reformed man you know. I hope he is—No

crime

crime in cautioning you to be upon your guard, however. He is such a wild ungovernable creature!—Yet he must be so mortified at his last unsuccessful intended piece of knight-errantry, that I hardly think he will attempt any thing of that nature for the future.

WRITE to me immediately, dear creature; I long to know how he behaves, and how you—but I check my pen, for fear of another chiding—Perhaps you can guess what I mean—A word to the wife—O Indiana! never conceal one secret of your heart from your friend.—Pour out its fullness into the sympathizing faithful bosom of

Your affectionate,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

## LETTER XXII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**Y**ES, my dear Clara, Beverly is indeed at the Grove. But I needed not your alarming hints to put me on my guard; his own behaviour is sufficient.

I LATELY complained (foolish creature that I was!—Ah! we know not when we are well) of the sameness, the insipidity of my life. Yet how much was it to be preferred to those fears, those emotions, which I now experience? Yes, Clara, I will let you into the most secret recesses of my heart, this weak ungovernable heart, too susceptible for its peace.

BUT do not be too hasty in your construction: it is a diffidence of myself, a terror, lest I should again yield to folly, that alarms me.—It is not what I feel at present, but the dread of future ills, that destroys my peace.

I THINK in any other place but where I am, I could bid defiance to this man, seducingly charming as he is. Nay, were even his mind as perfect as his person, it is the recollection of past scenes, which every object brings now to my remembrance, that renders his eloquence dangerous. Those happy days, in which he was dear to me, present themselves so forcibly to my imagination, that the succeeding ones of misery and disappointment lose their impression, and seem to vanish like a melancholy dream.

YET, Clara, think not meanly of me. You justly say I ought not, cannot be his.—Forbid it, Heavens! No, my friend, surely I can never love again. Alas! I have once fatally loved too well.

Dreadful

Dreadful thought!—Ah! let me for ever banish the guilty idea, that but too often endeavours to obtrude upon my mind.

To you, my Clara, let me own, that unhappy passion has for ever destroyed my peace. How then can I think of another?—A man like this too—once so abandoned in his conduct.

BUT allowing he is reformed.—Reformed do I say?—how can I indulge the flattering error?—flattering only for his own sake. Is not this recent duel a too convincing proof that his boasted reformation is not a thorough change of the heart? A change such as Christianity requires? And were I at liberty to quit the single life, such a one only should be the man of my choice.

THE world, indeed, may endeavour to extenuate his guilt, by pleading the false maxims of honour; but unerring Heaven views the affair in a different light. What must have been his remorse, had the unhappy man died!—Yet why do I say remorse? Did he shew the least symptoms of repentance when that dreadful event was hourly expected?

AH! Clara, his is at best but a partial reformation, little to be depended on. His passions are strong and ungovernable as ever: I have but too many proofs of this.

YET were he an angel, never, never will I, can I be his. No; the poor lady Caroline!—be her faults forgot.—She may have been injured by the censorious world. I hope she is only in appearance guilty. Charity commands me to engage in her cause, deserted and forlorn. In me, at least, to the utmost of my power, she shall find a friend.

MRS.



MRS. BEVERLY, dear woman! is highly incensed against her. The partiality of a mother biasses her judgment in favour of an only and beloved son; or his wild conduct would, in some measure, extenuate his lady's fault. But his insinuating, his specious manner, has already obliterated the remembrance of his indiscretions, and he is once more the idol of her fond heart.— Even the marchioness, prepossessed as she was against him, begins to regard him with a favourable eye.

DANGEROUS, insinuating man! if their years and discernment could not secure them against his attractions, in spite of the knowledge they have of his faults, how ought your Indiana to guard her weak heart?—especially now the divorce, which he is determined to procure, makes him esteem himself once more at liberty to indulge his passion for me!—A passion that my Clara may be assured I take every method to discourage.

My vow alone, were there no other, is to me a sufficient obstacle; but that the gay wretch, as you justly call him, makes light of, and treats with his usual levity.

“I HAVE,” said he, the other day, “been in the land of indulgences, where I learned some of the jesuitical sophistry.—Trust your conscience to my direction, dear Indiana;—I will give you absolution—it is not the first rash vow I have annulled.”

“You were then,” returned I, angrily, “in the land of indulgences, to use your own expression; but you shall not find me even indulgent to your unseasonable levity.”

I RETIRED

I RETIRED in displeasure, notwithstanding his intreaties for pardon, and endeavours to detain me.

AFTER dinner, however, he seemed to have collected all his forces, and renewed the subject with so much serious eloquence, that mamma was visibly delighted.

MR. BRATHWAIT, who was present, shook him heartily by the hand.—“ I did not think, “ Mr. Beverly” said he, in his deliberate manner, “ that you had been so conversant in the “ Scriptures.”—For the man had quoted several texts, which, by his manner of explaining them, appeared tolerably pertinent to the subject.—“ Your discourse, Sir, does honour both to “ your head and heart. I hope truth will come “ mended from *your* tongue.—I am an old “ man, Mr. Beverly, and have long talked on “ this subject, to little purpose, I fear ; but if Miss “ Danby continues unmoved, when a pleader so “ eloquent joins my cause, I shall indeed pronounce her inflexible.”

“ I WOULD not,” said I, smiling, “ pay you “ so bad a compliment, Mr. Brathwait, as to “ grant that to another which I refuse to you.”

“ I NEVER knew so determined a young lady,” muttered the good man, shaking his head, and replacing himself, with visible disappointment in his looks.

MR. BEVERLY was going to resume the topic, and that with an air of triumph, I thought ; but I stopped him with—“ Do not be too vain “ of the compliment that has been paid you, “ Sir. The novelty of your arguments might “ strike us at first ; but if you renew them, that “ novelty will wear off, and give us leisure to detect their fallacy.”

HE

He is here, my dear.

I COULD not get rid of him, till I had given him my promise to accompany him in a walk.—He is not yet perfectly recovered from his late indisposition.—He looks thin and pale.—Ah! my friend, once he did so in this house on a very different occasion!—Memory, be gone!

SINCE I must honour him in this request, I am determined to introduce a subject which will not, I fancy, be very agreeable to him: I mean poor lady Caroline. Yes, I will plead for that afflicted mourner (such my mind represents her to be); nor will I cease my importunities, till, if possible, I obtain her pardon from this lordly and incensed husband. Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

I. E. T.

A source have will be gerous could for him I o though sloping —I did medita subject see him know) my pur THU where scenes.— and lead breast h his eyes efs, on "No py hand once bring brance and h my an VOL.

## LETTER XXIII.

To the SAME.

ALAS! my dear Clara, that fatal walk, for which I left you in my last, has been the source of great uneasiness to your Indiana. I have taken myself severely to task, and hope it will be the last time I shall experience such dangerous emotions. I am now amazed how he could excite them; for I am well assured I feel for him only the sentiments of friendship.

I OBSERVED Mr. Beverly to be uncommonly thoughtful, as we slowly sauntered down the sloping green which leads to your favourite grove. —I did not interrupt his silence; but was intently meditating in what manner I should introduce the subject I intended to talk to him upon, pleased to see him grave (no common thing with him, you know) which, I believed, would be favourable to my purpose.

THUS silently we reached the little arbour, where with you I have so often talked over past scenes. —He suddenly stopped—took my hand, and leading me into it, seated himself by me, his breast heaving with mournful sighs, while he fixed his eyes, softened into the most moving tenderness, on my face.

“Now tell me, Indiana,” said he, pressing my hand to his heart, “does not this place, once the witness of our mutual felicity, bring that thrice happy scene to your remembrance? —Here kneeling on this very spot,” and he dropped on his knees—“I received my angel from the best of mothers. This  
VOL. III. E “ lovely,

“ lovely, this now struggling hand, was then  
 “ freely given—those averted eyes were not, as  
 “ now, scornfully withdrawn.—Perhaps, indeed,  
 “ with sweet confusion they might avoid my ar-  
 “ dent gaze—but, ah! how amiable was that  
 “ confusion!—ah! how different then was my  
 “ fate!—Yet why should it be so?” added he,  
 with fervor. “ O Indiana! my life, my soul!”  
 —and he suddenly caught me in his arms,—“ our  
 “ hearts were formed for each other; nor shall  
 “ any obstacle longer divide them.”

I WEPT—I had not power to speak—I struggled, however, to disengage myself from his embrace. He withdrew his arms, and seating himself over-against me, reclined his head on his hand.

“ You weep, my Indiana,” said he, tenderly;—and his own eyes gave testimony of their sympathy—“ so fell those gentle drops, when in  
 “ despair I once before besought you to pronounce  
 “ my doom.—Again,”—resuming his humble posture—“ I make the same request. The di-  
 “ voice from my cursed engagement—I will  
 “ not honour it with the name of marriage—I  
 “ make not the least doubt I shall obtain: and to  
 “ sue for one I am unalterably determined; nor  
 “ am I less so on death, if you refuse to give me  
 “ your dear promise, that you will not, when  
 “ I am at liberty to offer them, reject my  
 “ vows.

“ SPEAK, madam! can you forget my errors,  
 “ my past follies, now so seriously lamented?—  
 “ Oh! speak, my adorable Indiana! life of  
 “ my life, indulge me in the fond transporting  
 “ hope that I shall one day call thee mine!—  
 “ Surely we were born for each other; never a  
 “ moment have I ceased to love you; no, not  
 “ even



"even when (wretch as I was!) I yielded to a  
"curled infatuation and inconstancy (in ap-  
"pearance) that fatal cause of my misery!—  
"What am I to think of this silence?" added  
he, sighing. "Pity me, Indiana; my future  
"conduct shall convince you that I live but to  
"make you happy, to repair my past errors."

"AH! Sir," cried I, "let us not deceive  
"ourselves; unsurmountable bars are placed be-  
"tween us."

"It cannot be—cannot be!" repeated he,  
with impatience. "What but your own cruelty  
"can now prevent my wishes?"

"HAVE you forgot my vow? have you for-  
"got your wife?" said I, with all the firmness I  
could assume. "I tell you, Mr. Beverly, your  
"wishes are impossible: I cannot, must not, ne-  
"ver will be yours."

He fixed his eyes on my face with such un-  
utterable anguish!—Oh! Clara, can you won-  
der that I pitied him?—"Never?" repeated  
he, after a moment's pause—"never?"—  
"Good Heavens! you have indeed pronounced  
"my doom!—Yet I am calm;—suffering has  
"taught me patience;—I am no longer the  
"frantic passionate wretch you have known me;  
"yet I can feel, severely feel!—and you, ma-  
"dam, will ere long be witness to the conse-  
"quence of your cruelty.—"Never?" re-  
peated he again; "and is that your unalterable  
resolution?"

"INDEED it is, Sir," answered I.

"THEN what a miserable wretch am I!"  
cried he, raising his eyes to heaven.—"But I  
will not long be so.—No; there is still one  
remedy."

HE paused;—and eagerly gazing at me a few moments, “Indiana,” cried he, “my life is in your hands. I struggle to command myself; but I cannot answer for the effects of my “despair.” So saying, he precipitately left the harbour.

You must imagine (for I cannot describe the situation of my mind) it was not what he said that so much affected me (for often had he addressed me on the same subject, even with more moving eloquence) but the manner, the place, the recollection of past scenes, all together made an impression on my heart, to which it has long, and, I once hoped, ever would be a stranger.

It was a considerable time before I could get the better of my emotions. I thought I saw him still before me, with that insinuating air he knows but too well how to assume: his plaintive voice still sounding in my ear: his looks, his manner!—O! Clara, is it criminal to pity him?—Alas! if it is, I fear your friend must plead guilty.—But it is no more than pity,—if I know my heart, it is not. I have taken that heart to task.—I should detest myself, if I found it capable of entertaining a wish—no, he is married; this divorce must not take place; if my persuasions have any weight, it shall not.

My intentions were frustrated: but I may yet find a time to plead for the fair penitent.—Is she not penitent?—I think she must.—Surely the fatal consequence has ere now convinced her of her past indiscretions; and that conviction will doubtless be accompanied with remorse.

I AM dubious whether a visit, as you say, would not look like an insult, or I could wish you to see her. Surely she is not so guilty as the world believes her. Can it be, my Clara, that one of her birth and education should fall so low? Even her pride—adultery!—I shudder at the thought: it is a crime so monstrous, that we ought not lightly to give credit to it.

At any rate things should not, if it is possible to prevent it, be brought to an extremity.—Her reputation, wounded as it is, may yet be recovered, if Beverly is reconciled to her. But that once irretrievably lost, as by this threatening divorce it must, who knows to what fatal lengths despair may drive her!

On the contrary, an unmerited pardon, if she has the least share of gratitude, must produce a reformation, and may one day render her worthy not only of her husband's love, but of the world's esteem. Oh! then, for her soul's sake, for the honour of our sex, let us omit no endeavours to bring about this important reconciliation.

I MUST use my influence with Mrs. Beverly to engage her in the cause. Perhaps time has abated the violence of her resentment; her son's life is no longer in danger on her account. While there were fears of that nature, the author of his misfortunes might well be an object of aversion; but now, I trust, she will listen to my suit.

WHAT would I give to see this poor Beverly happy!—He once loved the faulty Caroline; her graceful person and manner have still their attractions, though she is no longer that envied thing, a beauty; nor is she deficient in good sense, though she has so fatally misapplied it.

COULD we but get him to listen to reason, how he has no hopes of gaining me, which I shall

shall take care to convince him of, may we not hope, allowing that his lady, sensible of her errors, reforms the faulty part of her conduct—may we not hope, I say, that he will one day be better reconciled to his fate?—He has, he says, bid adieu to his youthful indiscretions.—O that they would exchange a mutual forgiveness! and, forgetting what is past, renew their union on a more lasting foundation.—This is my ardent wish.

As for myself, my dear Clara, all I desire is, as I have often said, and now more fervently repeat, to pass through life in peaceful obscurity, unknowing and unknown.

ADIEU, my friend: join your prayers to mine, that this united pair may ere long be more firmly than ever reunited.—Believe me

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

## LETTER XXIV.

To Miss DANBY.

**Y**OU put me upon a melancholy task, Indiana; and that, you know, is not much to your Clara's taste.—But did I ever refuse my sweet friend?—Let me not, however, make a merit of what my inclination, as well as yours, induced me to.

I HAVE been to see the unhappy lady Caroline—not without Bevill's approbation.—I am a mighty good spouse, you know, and never forget what is due to my lord and master.

“SHALL I go?” said I, condescending creature that I was!

“BY all means, my dear,” answered he; “women should never be too hasty in abandoning each other. When once a poor creature by any indiscretion loses the countenance of her own sex, she is thrown into the power of ours, and we do not always make the most generous use of it.”

AWAY I went, very plainly dressed. I would not for the world have appeared to insult her, either by my manner or appearance. I asked the servant if his lady was at home? The man hesitated.—It is a question, I fancy, which he has not lately been troubled with. I was ushered into a parlour, and in a few minutes entered Mrs. Abigail, with her lady's compliments, and an apology for not being able to come down to me; but if I would be so obliging as to go up to her dressing-room, she would be glad of the honour of my company.

E 4

“WHAT,



“WHAT, is your lady indisposed?” said I.

“YES, madam, she is indeed indisposed,” answered the woman, sighing; “nor is it to be wondered at.”

I BID her conduct me to her. She did so. I protest I was quite shocked at the miserable object that presented itself to my view!—Instead of the once gay and admired lady Caroline, I beheld a poor emaciated creature lying on a couch; her hair uncombed, hanging about her face; that face pale as death; her dress neglected, and her eyes almost swelled out of her head with weeping.

ON my entrance she attempted to rise; but I prevented her.—“No ceremony; this is a friendly visit.”

“A FRIEND!” repeated she, with fervor. “Ah! is it possible the wretched Caroline should still have a friend?”

“YOU have,” said I, “and a sympathizing friend, who comes with hopes of alleviating your sorrows.”

“GENEROUS, generous Mrs. Bevill!” cried she, pressing my hand, and bursting into tears.—

“Ah! how little have I deserved this goodness from you! vile creature, as you, no doubt, believe me to be!—But I am not,” sobbed she, “I am not so very a monster as the cruel world represents me.”

“I HOPE not,” returned I, seating myself by her; “for your own sake, I hope you are not guilty.”

“OH! what avails my innocence?” interrupted she, in a transport of grief.—“I am ruined! my reputation is for ever blasted! Where shall I hide my shame!—The unkind Beverly, too! could he make no allowance for indis-

“cretion,

“cretion, when his own conduct—but I have  
“no right to complain.—No; even that trifling  
“consolation is denied me. Oh! Mrs. Bevill,  
“I am too late fatally convinced of my impru-  
“dence. I see my errors, and detest them.—  
“I am justly punished—I acknowledge it—that  
“reflection adds to my misery! Oh! what a  
“vain thoughtless creature have I till now been!  
“—Alas! I have learned to think, only when  
“my thoughts must be my torment!—But  
“pity me, Mrs. Bevill.—My education, the  
“example of a too gay mother, the custom of  
“the world—Ah! why do I seek to extenuate  
“my faults, by accusing others?—Yet I wish as  
“much as possible to vindicate my conduct to  
“her, the only one whose charity has induced  
“her to see me in this forlorn, this miserable  
“state, to which I am reduced.”

I ENDEAVOURED to sooth her with hopes of  
happier prospects.

“No, Mrs. Bevill,” interrupted she, in a  
passion of grief, “flatter me not with delusive  
“hopes!—My misery, dreadful as it is already,  
“is but beginning: for am I not to be publicly  
“exposed to shame?—Publicly accused of that  
“monstrous crime adultery?—Oh! dreadful,  
“dreadful thought!” added she, falling on the  
couch, and bursting into a flood of tears—“But  
“I will not live to be thus insulted.”

I BESOUGHT her to be more composed.—I  
begged her to tell me ingenuously what proofs  
Mr. Beverly had, or at least imagined, for the  
threatened divorce.

“THINK not,” added I, seeing she was flaming  
into a rage, “that female curiosity dictates these  
“questions.—I wish to serve you; nor am I your  
“only friend: but it is necessary we should  
“know

“ know a few particulars of the affair, before we  
“ can engage in your cause.”

SHE wept. “ Have I then friends?” cried  
she. “ What! this poor, despised, forsaken  
“ Caroline! forsaken even by her parent!—that  
“ parent—but I spare the reflections, which in  
“ the bitterness of my heart I am tempted to  
“ utter. The truly virtuous only know to pity  
“ the frailties of others!—But let me not forget  
“ your request; your generous treatment deserves  
“ my utmost confidence.”

“ You know, madam, what a foolish, what  
“ a vain, ridiculous creature I have been. I take  
“ shame to myself for my too late repented in-  
“ discretions. I loved Mr. Beverly—yet, I be-  
“ lieve, a cruel pleasure I felt in rivalling a supe-  
“ rior beauty, had no small share in my solicitude  
“ to make him my conquest. It is to my vanity  
“ I owe my ruin. For some time, I believe,  
“ we both thought ourselves happy: but I pos-  
“ sessed none of those good qualities which can  
“ alone preserve a husband’s affections: his, in  
“ a few weeks, began visibly to abate.—Indeed,  
“ I am convinced he had not, when he married  
“ me, entirely conquered his former passion;  
“ though I am persuaded he was not at the time  
“ sensible of it.

“ WHEN I observed his coolness, foolish  
“ creature that I was! I imagined that an ap-  
“ pearance of equal indifference, by alarming  
“ his pride, would be the most likely way to  
“ recal his attention. I endeavoured to excite  
“ his jealousy, by listening to the insignificant  
“ gallantry of that tribe of coxcombs, whose  
“ attendance I encouraged; but this only de-  
“ stroyed the small remains of that esteem my  
“ husband once had for me.—He did not love  
“ me

“ me well enough to be jealous, and was too  
 “ conscious of his charms.—Perhaps, too, he  
 “ had some little dependance on my virtue ;  
 “ therefore was under no great apprehension that  
 “ I should injure his honour.

“ IN the mean time, however, he despised me  
 “ for my coquetry ; while I, poor giddy crea-  
 “ ture ! went on in a thoughtless round of dissipa-  
 “ tion : and finding myself neglected by him,  
 “ though from every other man I met with ad-  
 “ miration, I began in my turn to despise him for  
 “ want of taste, and in the end experienced that  
 “ indifference which at first I had only affect-  
 “ ed.

“ HOME was now disagreeable to us both ;  
 “ —we never met, but disputes and jarring were  
 “ the consequence.

“ WEARY of a life like this, he went abroad ;  
 “ —and I, unthinking creature ! but little regret-  
 “ ted our separation. Yet to do him justice—  
 “ Oh ! Mrs. Bevill, blushing I acknowledge it,  
 “ he has a thousand amiable qualities ; an un-  
 “ common sweetness of temper, though hasty  
 “ and passionate when provoked. Yes, let me  
 “ own, to any woman but me—he would have  
 “ made an unexceptionable husband. He is ge-  
 “ neralous, polite, and engaging—Ah ! but he can  
 “ be cruel too, as I now fatally experience !

“ I AM too minute, and shall tire your pati-  
 “ ence ; let me hasten to the commencement,  
 “ or rather the completion, of my misery. A  
 “ few months ago, the celebrated Miss Draper  
 “ made her appearance. Every body launched  
 “ out in praise of her beauty—I wished, yet  
 “ dreaded, to see this celebrated thing.—She was  
 “ introduced to me.—I beheld her with that envy  
 “ too natural to our sex. We grew, however,

“ ex-

“ extremely intimate, and were what the world  
“ calls friends and inseparables : she had a lo-  
“ ver.”

LADY Caroline here paused, and wiped her  
eyes—“ Lord G——,” continued she ; “ you  
“ have seen him, Mrs. Bevill. But it was not  
“ the charms of his person or conversation that  
“ attracted my regard—the preference he gave  
“ Miss Draper alarmed my vanity.—I spared no  
“ arts to rival her in his heart, and that with no  
“ other view but to mortify the haughty beauty,  
“ who dared to triumph over me by her superior  
“ charms. Whether my advances encouraged  
“ him, or that he was unsuccessful in his former  
“ pursuit, I know not ; but it is too certain he at  
“ last solely attached himself to me. I was de-  
“ lighted with this, perhaps imaginary, conquest,  
“ believing I had mortified my too lovely rival.  
“ Dearly did she make me pay for the mortifica-  
“ tion, since it is to her the town is indebted for  
“ those scandalous stories, which she took mali-  
“ cious pains to propagate at my expence. I  
“ heard, but thought them below my notice.  
“ When my friends advised me to break off my  
“ intimacy with lord G——, I answered, like a  
“ thoughtless creature, that I despised the cen-  
“ sure of the world. My heart acquits me, said  
“ I, and that is sufficient. Ah ! those who are  
“ so regardless of the public’s opinion, justly de-  
“ serve its censure. Miss Draper’s revenge did  
“ not stop here. Mr. Beverly returned from  
“ abroad. She took care he should be informed  
“ of my supposed intrigue with lord G——. But  
“ this was not all—that nobleman had, it seems,  
“ a real one with a young girl, whom from mo-  
“ tives of charity I had taken to live with me as  
“ a kind of companion. This creature Miss  
“ Draper



“ Draper had secured in her interest. Her first  
“ instructions were only to watch me. Lord  
“ G——’s visits were more than usually frequent,  
“ not so much on my account as hers. The ser-  
“ vants, whom nothing of that nature can escape,  
“ soon discovered their intimacy, and by their  
“ means it came to Miss Draper’s knowledge,  
“ for she had more spies than one in my family.  
“ She taxed the creature with her fault, who  
“ confessed the charge. A most diabolical plot  
“ was then formed between them to ruin me ;  
“ which was, that lord G——, on pretence of  
“ my being to sleep from home, was to be ad-  
“ mitted to a private interview with the wretch  
“ at my house. Mean time, Mr. Beverly was  
“ informed by an anonymous letter, that if he  
“ chose to be convinced of the truth of those re-  
“ ports which were spread to my disadvantage,  
“ he had only to go to his house on such a night.  
“ You are to observe, Mrs. Beville, that though  
“ I had seen him two or three times since his re-  
“ turn, our meeting had been attended with so  
“ many reproaches on both sides, that we parted  
“ in high displeasure ; he taking lodgings for  
“ himself, swearing never again to enter his  
“ house till he had taken measures to make me  
“ quit it. But to return—He was directed to be  
“ at his house at such an hour ; there to remain  
“ concealed, till Jenny (that is the wretch’s  
“ name) at a proper time conducted him to my  
“ apartment, where he would be an eye-witness  
“ of my infidelity. That fatal night I had been  
“ at lady B——’s rout, and did not return till late.  
“ Lord G—— was already in bed in my room—  
“ they had given him a sleeping draught, as I  
“ suspect from what followed. The vile Jenny  
“ had early dismissed the other servants, telling  
“ them

“ them she would sit up for me. I returned a-  
 “ bout two o’clock in the morning—The wicked  
 “ creature opened the door—I was surprised;  
 “ and, with great good nature, Is it you, my  
 “ dear Jenny? said I: what in the name of for-  
 “ tune could tempt you to sit up so late? Where  
 “ are my servants?” “ I hope you will not be an-  
 “ gry, Madam,” said the artful creature, “ I  
 “ was engaged in reading a very interesting novel,  
 “ and so thought I would sit up and finish it, and  
 “ therefore sent them to bed. “ O, very well,”  
 returned I! “ I am glad it was your own choice;  
 “ I feared they had imposed on your good nature.  
 “ She took the light, and I followed her to my  
 “ apartment, where she assisted to undress me:  
 “ but before she had quite finished, on some pre-  
 “ tence she left the room. I was just on the  
 “ point of stepping into bed, when my door  
 “ opened, and in came the abandoned wretch,  
 “ followed by Mr. Beverly. She hurried out as  
 “ he entered. I was surprised, but at that mo-  
 “ ment not alarmed at his visit. He darted a  
 “ look of rage and disdain; when, approaching  
 “ the bed, he drew back the curtains, and to  
 “ my horror and amazement discovered lord  
 “ G—— who was still in a profound sleep. I  
 “ screamed, and sunk into a chair almost lifeless.  
 “ My footman was at that moment going to his  
 “ room; Jenny stood at the door of my apart-  
 “ ment.”

“ Good heavens!” exclaimed she, on hear-  
 “ ing my cries, as the man afterwards told me,—  
 “ there are certainly thieves in my lady’s apart-  
 “ ment!”

“ At this the man, without considering the  
 “ impropriety of coming into my bed-chamber,  
 “ bolted in, as did likewise the wench. All this

“ was

" was in an instant : for Mr. Beverly still stood  
 " with the curtain in his hand. He turned round  
 " at the noise they made in coming in—" Be  
 " gone !" cried he to the footman ; " rascal, what  
 " business have you here ?" The fellow slunk off.  
 " He then came up to me, with a look that  
 " made me tremble."—" As for you ! Madam,"  
 " —he paused—" but I despise you too much—  
 " you are below my revenge." I cast myself at  
 " his feet. Thus humbly on my knees, cried I,  
 " weeping, I implore your pity !—Hear me,  
 " Sir ! by all that is good and sacred, strong as  
 " appearances are against me, I swear I am not  
 " guilty !" " Not guilty !" interrupted he, con-  
 " temptuously spurning me from him,—“ out of  
 " my sight, thou vile abandoned woman, lest I  
 " forget what I owe to your sex—see ! your  
 " cowardly paramour does not join in your false-  
 " hood ; but I shall find a time to make him  
 " answer as my injured honour demands." " So  
 " saying, he hastily flung out of the room.—  
 " I cast myself on the floor—I raved, I tore my  
 " hair—and for near an hour was almost dis-  
 " tracted. Lord G—— at last awoke——never  
 " was amazement equal to his, when he saw me,  
 " and the condition I was in !" " Good God !"   
 " cried he—" where am I ?—What do I see ?"  
 " You see, returned I, with a look of anguish,  
 " the wretch whom your infernal plot has re-  
 " duced to misery, shame and despair ! Villain !  
 " continued I, raising my voice, what have I  
 " done that you should thus conspire my ruin ?  
 " Clear my innocence ! added I, almost frantic  
 " with rage and grief—this moment clear my  
 " innocence ! Again I cast myself on the floor—  
 " His astonishment increased"—“ You amaze  
 " me ! Madam, said he ; I neither have injured,  
 " nor meant to injure you."

" Not

"NOT injured me! cried I, starting up in a fury. Monster! what then brought you here?"

"COMPOSE yourself, dear madam," said he: "—I beseech you have a little patience, and I will tell you all."

"I MADE no answer, and he proceeded to give me some of the particulars I have related to you. I could hardly contain myself while he was speaking—he ended with a thousand apologies, and as many promises of clearing me to Mr. Beverly, who, he said, would be brought to hear reason when the first transports of his rage were abated."

"I MADE no answer, but violently rung the bell. The footman I before mentioned, (who was the only person awake in my house, the other servants rooms being at so great a distance from mine that they heard nothing of the uproar in my apartment) he, I say, came to the door, and in a faltering voice asked, did I want him? Where is that infernal monster Jenny?" cried I. "She went out at the same time with my master, madam." "Heaven and earth! exclaimed I, then am I indeed compleatly ruined! I ran almost distracted into another room, locked the door, and flung myself on the bed in a situation of mind easier to be imagined than described. Next morning, my maid, a faithful creature, knocked at my door—I refused to admit her; nor could her most earnest entreaties prevail on me to open it the whole day—a miserable day, spent in tears, without tasting the least refreshment. Late at night she again came to the door."—"Madam! Madam! for heaven's sake give me leave to speak with you.—I have sad news!

—But

“—But you must know it.” “What news?”  
 “exclaimed I, rising, and letting her in——  
 “Speak! for she trembled, and looked as pale as  
 “death.” “O Madam! my master.”—“What  
 “of your master? interrupted I, wildly.” “Alas!  
 “Madam, he is killed in a duel, and poor lord  
 “G—— is little better.” “Killed! repeated I,  
 “clasping my hands—I could say no more, but  
 “fell senseless into her arms—with difficulty she  
 “recovered me.”

THE post is just going out, I am impatient  
 to have you receive this account; and think you  
 may at a convenient opportunity, shew it to Be-  
 verly; perhaps it may facilitate the reconciliation.  
 Surely poor lady Caroline is innocent! I pity her  
 from my heart.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.



## LETTER XXV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**T**HANK heaven! poor lady Caroline is not then unworthy of our friendship and pity. But oh! my dear, perhaps she may be saved from the divorce without our interposition; another more effectual method is threatened. Beverly is dangerously ill; his life was yesterday almost despaired of. To-day, indeed, they give us some faint hopes. Good heavens! how deeply am I affected! for have I not reason to believe myself in some measure the cause?

**DURING** his delirium, from which he is now a little recovered, he never ceased repeating my name; and movingly, in incoherent language, did he complain of my cruelty. Mrs. Beverly is almost distracted with grief: she accuses me of insensibility; yet in a manner so tender, that I cannot be offended at her unjust reproaches.

“**WHY** would you thus drive my poor Harry to despair?” said she this morning. “Ah! Indiana; had you no regard to his poor suffering mother? If I lose him, my only earthly joy, then indeed, shall I go sorrowing to my grave.” I wept. “Dear Madam, how you distress me; I have it not in my power, or how cheerfully”—“Not in your power!” interrupted she with impatience; “what should now prevent you to give him hopes, at least, that he may one day be happy? He will soon be at liberty to indulge his passion for you without a crime. A divorce from such a cause is authorized by heaven. O Indiana! my child, as I have ever delighted to call you, why will

“you

“ you not give me a title to the endearing name  
 “ of mother ?” I embraced her—“ Ah ! would  
 “ to heaven it were possible. But on such terms  
 “ —Terms !” repeated she. “ But you do  
 “ well : those affected scruples are a good excuse.  
 “ I see my poor son has not yet obtained his par-  
 “ don for his inconstancy and indiscretions ; but  
 “ he will not long, perhaps, stand in need of your  
 “ pity.”

SHE turned from me, wiping her eyes. What  
 could I say ? your letter was not then arrived :  
 and without some proof in her favour, it was no  
 time to plead for the unfortunate Caroline. Hea-  
 ven knows, could we even produce the most un-  
 doubted testimony of her innocence, whether it  
 would have the desired effect on Mr. Beverly.  
 Alas ! I was born not only to be miserable myself,  
 but to be the cause of misery in others.

MAMMA has just left me. The bishop of  
 \*\*\*, Mr. Brathwait’s patron, and a distant rela-  
 tion of our family, is come to pay us a visit—  
 my mother came to give me notice of it. “ Now,  
 “ my dear Indiana,” said she, after informing me  
 who was below, “ will you give me leave to ask  
 “ his opinion in regard to your vow ? You pay  
 “ the less deference to Mr. Brathwait, because you  
 “ fear he may be prejudiced by his friendship for  
 “ me : but here there can be no prepossession,  
 “ the bishop shall not even know the case is yours,  
 “ which we submit to his decision : I will put it  
 “ as that of one of my acquaintance. I shall  
 “ tell him indeed of the uneasiness it gives to  
 “ a most affectionate parent. What say you,  
 “ my dear ?” “ I am all submission, Madam.”  
 returned I. “ But will you abide by his deci-  
 “ sion ?” cried she, earnestly. “ Yes,” said I,  
 sighing ; “ and may heaven direct his judgment  
 “ in

“ in an affair which to me is of the utmost consequence !” “ Enough, my loved child,” cried she ; “ compose yourself, and follow me to the good man ; I will take care to introduce the subject in a proper manner.”

So saying, she left me.—O Clara ! how I am agitated ! Should his decision be agreeable to the wishes of my friends, I dread the consequence that may follow ! But if, on the contrary, he should pronounce it binding, then shall I no longer be persecuted with their well-meant but distressing solicitude for what they call my happiness. Strange ! that they should think a single life so incompatible with *that*. I would not the lords of the creation, as my Clara often calls them, should know we give them so much consequence.

BUT adieu ! I am summoned to appear before my judge. I really feel as if I was going to my trial. O Clara ! how soon will my fate be decided ! I know not what to wish.—May heaven direct me for the best !

#### IN CONTINUATION.

It is past—your Indiana is once more at liberty, at least they would persuade me so—But ah ! what a load do I find at my heart ; let me endeavour to recollect some of those unanswerable, those pious arguments, by which the reverend casuist removed my scruples, and gained his cause. It would be too tedious, nor can my memory retain all that he said on the subject.

It is sufficient for the present to tell you, he convinced me, that to one in my situation, such a vow might be dispensed with, as it was so contrary to the inclination of my parent.

“ THE

"THE scripture," said he, "pronounces it void, if a father disallows it. Now," continued he, "in that command, *honour thy father and thy mother*, there is no distinction made — duty and obedience are as strictly enjoined to the mother, as to the father; therefore I presume a mother's authority must in this case likewise be of equal force."

BUT, my dear Clara, the bishop has promised to give me in writing the substance of what he said on the subject, that I may have recourse to it, if scruples should at any time arise in my mind. I will send you a copy of it, and need not therefore attempt a repetition of his arguments.

YOU may imagine with what transport my dear mamma listened to him: Mrs. Beverly was no less delightedly attentive. When he had finished his discourse, which lasted near half an hour, the former arose, and tenderly pressing me in her arms, "At last, my dear child, heaven has heard my prayers. You promised to abide by this gentleman's decision: he has fully absolved you from that fatal vow, which has been the source of so much uneasiness to your affectionate mother. And now, my Indiana," continued she, again folding me in her arms, "I can indeed embrace you with joy."

"LET me too," cried Mrs. Beverly, "congratulate my niece on the happy occasion."

I RETURNED their caresses—but what cause after all, my dear Clara, was there for this violent joy?—Alas! my heart refused to bear a part in it. I endeavoured, however, for the sake of my amiable parent, to conceal its emotions; but spite of all my efforts, tears would force a passage from my down-cast eyes.—I turned from them,

them, and wiped off the silent drops of sorrow.

"ONE thing yet remains to be done," resumed mamma. "Where, my dear Indiana, is that fatal paper, the cause of so much grief?"

WITH trembling reluctance I produced it.

"Now, my love," said she, "to complete the sacrifice you have made to filial duty, let me see you cheerfully commit it to the flames."

"You shall be obeyed, Madam," returned I, in a faltering voice. Then falling on my knees, my eyes fervently raised to heaven: "O thou Almighty Being," continued I, "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, thou knowest with what sincerity I dedicated myself to thee, a willing though unworthy sacrifice. But since my vow has been displeasing to my earthly parent, whom thou hast strictly commanded me to honour and obey, I beseech thee, O heavenly father, to absolve me from it; and if I have not offended by the breach of it, grant me thy peace, which alone can compose my troubled mind."

I AROSE, and with a trembling hand threw the paper into the fire.—"It is done!" cried I, clasping my hands: "heaven only knows what may be the consequence!"

"THE consequence be on my head," said the bishop, taking my hand, "and the blessing of the Almighty, together with mine, on yours."

I PRESSED his hand between mine: "Amen," said I, fervently.—"Amen," repeated mamma and Mrs. Beverly.

I BEGGED



Miss INDIANA DANBY. 119

I BEGGED leave to retire—"Go," said the Marchioness, "my dear child," and endeavoured to compose yourself. Reflect on the happiness you have given your friends; reflect, too, that you have acted conformable to your duty. Let this, my Indiana, be your consolation." I curtsied, and withdrew.

OH! my loved Clara, what have I done? I must lay down my pen, to recollect the bishop's pious arguments: I have great need of them to fortify my mind against those rising doubts and fears--Rather let me pour out my heart to that merciful being, who knows with what sincerity I have ever strove to conform to his sacred will. Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

To Miss DANBY.

**J**OY, joy, my sweet friend. Away with your  
needle's doubts and fears—Hang sorrow and  
cast away care.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne;  
And in thy right hand bring with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty.

INDIANA, my dear Indiana, does not your  
heart dance to the sound of that enlivening word?  
Thank heaven, you are once more restored to  
it.

Now could I almost be tempted to form a  
wicked wish, that lady Caroline—I dare not  
utter it—Poor Beverly!—you understand me,  
child.

WELL, positively, at best your fate is but a  
wayward one; for I see not that he is one jot  
nearer the accomplishment of his wishes than he  
was before—He will find one solid comfort; his  
eternal wife will last as long as heart could wish—  
and longer too.

BUT how is he?—I am seriously concerned for  
his illness. Have you yet found an opportunity of  
shewing him my epistle?—What are now his  
sentiments of his helpmate?—Does he begin to  
relent? I had a hundred thousand questions to  
ask you—but my lordly husband will take no  
denial; he has engaged me to dine with lady

Betty

Betty  
come  
since  
grace.

W  
meant  
you kn  
will le  
priving  
sation.

AG  
hurry  
best w  
what I  
pen tha  
take it.

YOU  
perverse  
assure y  
ness. M  
for by y  
felicity  
dam,

Vol.

Betty Wrottesley, a relation of his, who is lately come to town—these men! my dear—Well! since I must go, let me even do it with a good grace.

WHAT a scrap of a letter is here! when I meant to send you half a quire at least: but you know who you have to blame for it. I will leave you to punish him for so soon depriving you of my entertaining improving conversation.

AGAIN?—teazing creature!—in spite of his hurry he did not forget to bid me present his best wishes—I shall do no such thing—he sees what I am writing, and is struggling to get the pen that he may speak for himself—even let him take it.

Mr. BEVILL writes.

YOU see, Madam, how I am used by this perverse Clara: but since she will not, I must assure you of the interest I take in your happiness. May an event so long, so ardently wished for by your friends, be productive of the highest felicity both to you and them! I am, dear Madam,

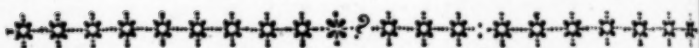
Your respectful humble servant,

JOHN BEVILL.

Mrs. BEVILL writes.

NOTHING like speaking to the purpose, or to what purpose does one speak?—I insisted on signing my name to this notable epistle, though there is no great cause to be fond of owning it—but I thought it stood in need of that to recommend it to your favour.—Here it goes then.

CLARA BEVILL.



## LETTER XXVII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**M**RS. BEVERLY is so well recovered as to be able to leave his apartment. I saw him this morning for the first time since the commencement of his illness. He seemed tolerably composed, and avoided any thing particular in his behaviour to me—nor did he appear to put any constraint on himself. Even his eyes seem to have forgot their usual tender languish—indeed he scarce once looked at me—I hope his pride which is visibly piqued at my behaviour, will at length get the better of his passion. At length do I say?—Is it not vanity in me to suppose the passion not already conquered?

Mrs. BEVERLY's joy at his recovery is a little damped by your letter, which I have shewn her.

I be

I be  
now  
She  
" li  
it to  
"  
" I  
"  
" po  
" in  
" fr  
" I  
" se  
" H  
I  
the su  
per to  
to M  
me?  
an af  
if I sh  
will a  
for me  
to a re  
BE  
let me  
involu  
duct a  
affecti  
have  
do all  
passion  
I p  
the bis  
will re  
fetch i  
ments.

I believe she was not without hopes that a certain now impossible union would in time take place. She read it with emotion——“and do you believe this plausible tale?” said she, returning it to me.

“I know not, Madam,” answered I; “but I think it has the appearance of truth.”

“It may be so,” cried she, a little peevishly; “perhaps she is not guilty as to the act, but her intentions—Vile woman! who can clear her from that? and where is the great difference? I cannot think of her with patience. Miserable, at best, is the fate of my poor Harry!”

I DURST not at that time urge her further on the subject; nor do I know when it will be proper to communicate the contents of your letter to Mr. Beverly. Will it not look officious in me? What right have I to intermeddle in an affair of this delicate nature too?——Yet if I should incur his displeasure, that displeasure will assist our cause; since the less regard he has for me, the more prospect is there of consenting to a reconciliation with his lady.

BE gone, then, every selfish consideration! let me endeavour to do justice to her I have involuntarily injured. Perhaps her own conduct alone would have alienated her husband's affections! that alters not the case: I still have no right to them, and must in honour do all in my power to extinguish this guilty passion.

I PROMISED to send you a copy of what the bishop said on a late occasion. I desire you will read it and give me your opinion. I will fetch it from the library.—Adieu for a few moments.



## IN CONTINUATION.

I WAS a little fluttered on meeting Mr. Beverly there—he was reading Seneca—“Are you going to turn philosopher?” said I, smiling.

“I AM attempting it, Madam,” answered he coolly, without looking at me; “and, if it be possible, one of the stoical tribe too,” added he, with a half-smothered sigh.

“I WISH you success,” returned I.

“YOU, Madam, at least, have no reason to think the task will prove a difficult one.”

“How so? pray.”

“BECAUSE even you, soft and susceptible as the female heart is said to be, have found it so easy.”

“I FEAR I do not deserve this compliment, Mr. Beverly.”

“COMPLIMENT, Madam! you have rather put a too favourable construction on my words: I am honest enough to acknowledge I did not mean it as such.”

“I AM the less obliged to you, Sir! but you find I had modesty enough to decline it.”

“AND yet,” said he, sighing, “there was but too much justice in the remark. O Indiana!” and he wildly snatched my hand, “have you not, can you deny that you have, a most savage unrelenting heart?”

“YOU are rude, Sir,” frowning, and withdrawing my hand.

“PARDON me, lovely, cruel, obdurate, insensible, bewitching, dangerous, charming!” gradually raising his voice at every epithet.

He flung the book from him, and started from his seat. I was alarmed, and hastened towards the door.—He caught hold of my gown. “You must not leave me,” said he, softening his voice into tenderness; “let me but ease my labouring heart of this load of grief with which it is oppressed—that done, the busy thing shall rest within its cell, and never beat again to the soft alarms of love.”

End of the THIRD VOLUME.